

William Blake Calling

He who shall hurt  
the little wren  
Shall never be  
beloved by men.

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**TUNNELLED  
TOWNS OF  
TOMORROW**

See page 4

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## THE WIRELESS NEWSPAPER IS HERE

See  
Middle  
Pages

### RING OUT, GREAT BELLS, TO THE WILD SKY

#### The Highest Peal of Praise on Earth

*Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.  
Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

HIGH above Liverpool the great Tower of the Cathedral is rising without pause.

They say it will be finished in two years from now, and then the Vestey Tower and its pinnacles will soar nearly 350 feet above the road below.

In it will be swung the peal of thirteen bells, which will ring out their message farther from the common earth and nearer to the skies than any other peal in the world. They will be the bells ringing nearest to heaven, if we take the child's view of heaven as somewhere beyond the blue sky. It is thrilling to think of these bells pealing out up there. What message will they broadcast to the world? Will they indeed ring in the larger heart, the kindlier hand? Let us be of good courage and believe they will.

#### A Lifetime's Work

We shall hear them in two or three years. Two or three years! They may be charged with the fate of nations. But two or three years are a short time in the life of mankind. They are a short time in the life of a cathedral. It seems only the other day that this splendid altar was begun, yet it has been rising for more than a generation and the place for it was chosen when the century began. In it, as we learn, one man has been at work on the stones for thirty years, and three others have made it their daily task for only a little less. A lifetime's work on a new cathedral in a world like this!

It takes us back to the Middle Ages, when the building of great Gothic cathedrals was the pride and joy of all sorts and conditions of men, when there were pilgrimages to bring to them gifts of workmanship and labour, and when a century spent in their building was like an evening gone. While they rose to heaven many a bitter war at no great distance from them seemed to shatter the sacred promise of peace and goodwill among men; yet the cathedral builders went on, seeking, as we think, a better world, confident in the lovelier shape of things, of things to come of which cathedrals were the forerunners and the promise.

The din of strife was powerless to drown the clink of the stonemason's hammer, the tap of the trowel. Such sounds, like the still small voice of humanity, triumphed in the end. The captains and the kings departed, the temples of God remained. The pride and ambitions of rulers and princes were levelled in the dust. But the handiwork of men, which they raised not for themselves, but in the faith that cannot die, has become a joy for ever. It is treasure which neither dust nor moth can corrupt, and which none can bear away.

#### Faith, Hope, and Charity

So was it. So may it be. The cathedral at Liverpool, which only half the people living will live to see finished, has a silent message to give, even before its bells can ring a louder one. It tells us that the ancient spirit of faith and hope and charity still lives among us unaltered and unsubdued.

In the days when Canterbury and Winchester, York Minster, Amiens, Chartres, and Rheims rose to add splendour to worship, the rich and the poor vied to make them more complete. So has it been with Liverpool. The Vestey Tower of whose approaching culmination we have spoken is the gift of two brothers, two Liverpool boys who have remembered in this way their father and mother. They are Lord Vestey and Sir Edmund Vestey, merchant princes who began life at wages of a shilling a day.

#### Touched By Time

Choir and carving, stone screen and reredos, painted window and sculptured monument, brasswork and electrolier, are all the gifts, communal or individual, of Christian men and women. The unfinished fane is only in its mighty youth, in its infancy, yet already Time has touched it. One of the humble gifts is a stone fountain in a corner of the ancient cemetery beside it, in memory of Sophia Spooner, and in the water of the fountain rooks and jackdaws, linnets and chaffinches dip and drink. They too praise the Lord who made them.

Liverpool's greatest cathedral does not stand alone. Others are rising, have risen, lighting their sacred fires as if in response to the beacon of the North. We cannot speak of them all, but our thoughts at this moment turn to the cathedral on the hill at Guildford. It has not long been begun, but those who cherish it have no thought except its future. We know

### 19 AND 90 And Both Happy



Edith Turnbull, leader of the Dagenham Girl Pipers, is now visiting Canada and the United States where she is to meet the World's Fair authorities. Edith, who is 19, is the only girl Pipe Major in the world.



Our old friend Prebendary Carlile, happy and young at 92, is here playing the trombone he played in his teens.

### THE VOICE FROM THE BOX

#### A Sound That Saved a Life

Some time ago there was an exhibition of unique Australian animals in Melbourne.

Among them were two barking lizards, which were brought from Alice Springs by aeroplane. When the exhibition was over the lizards were returned to their native habitat, and the box of sand in which they had lived was stored away in the exhibition building.

The other day some men working in the building heard a strange noise. It persisted, and they began to investigate. Eventually they came to the box which had housed the lizards, and on opening it found a baby barking lizard—barking for all it was worth. Apparently an egg had been laid in the sand, and during the time it had been stored away the lizard had hatched out and was barking to make itself heard.

The men fed it on flies and insects, and then it was carefully packed in a box to be transported to a sanctuary for native animals, where this small creature, the first barking lizard ever to be born in a Melbourne building, will start a free and happy life in its natural surroundings.

### Old Margaret's Armchair

Nearly 70 years ago Mrs Margaret Craig set out from Melbourne to Deniliquin by bullock wagon.

The distance is just over 200 miles and the journey took nearly a week. In the wagons were packed all the household belongings, and the nights were spent camped out in the uninhabited bush, the members of this adventurous party trusting to tiny creeks for water, their hearts and ambitions set on the distant country in which they were to open up the land and make their living. In the more remote parts of the bush the Aborigines still roamed and held their corroborees.

Now Mrs Margaret Craig, who is 74, has made the same journey in an aeroplane, and accomplished the journey in 80 minutes. The mountains she had toiled through so slowly long ago passed underneath her in a few minutes; the plains that had meant so many hot, weary days of travel were spread out like a child's picture, and the River Murray, across which the bullock wagons had to be floated, wound its interminable way beneath her like a tiny blue ribbon.

In a lifetime the adventure and hard work of days has become a comfortable ride in an armchair.

one man, a grandfather, whose hopes and thoughts are bound up in it. He cannot hope to see its completed beauty, but that is of small account to him, and to many like him.

They build not for themselves but for the world to come, and it is because of this undying hope that we too hope and believe that it will be a nobler, better, kindlier world for those now growing up than those who are growing old have ever known.



## A LEAD FROM GEORGE THE FIFTH His Sandringham Experiment in the News

We have suddenly been confronted with a minor crisis from which the example of George the Fifth might have saved us.

It has come as a bombshell to British linen manufacturers, who import over 90 per cent of their flax, that Russia, which furnished a third of the whole, has suddenly determined to suspend all export of the finer sorts, owing to her own increasing need for it.

When imports were impossible in this country we must have grown flax very largely ourselves, for we had linen and other goods of the sort from the earliest times. Indeed, although the manufacture is still a wonder to most of us, linen-weaving is one of the oldest of the arts.

### Linen Down the Ages

We find remains of linen, and of the plants from which it was made, in the prehistoric lake-dwellings of Switzerland. It was in linen that the mummies of Egypt were swathed, and flax plants figure among the decorations on the walls of the tombs opened there.

Modern developments have vastly extended the uses of flax. We cover our floors with linoleum, which is simply linseed oil from flax seeds in which are incorporated gums and cork dust; we poultice ourselves with linseed meal, which is the powder to which the seeds have been ground. We use linseed oil for a multitude of lubricating purposes, and when the oil has been extracted from the seed we convert the remainder into highly valuable cake as food for sheep and cattle.

Oil and seed never come from the same supply as the fibres for linen. For linen the plants must be pulled up before their seeds ripen, and, these having been stripped off, the stalks are submitted to various processes (in which countless bacteria play a paramount part) in order to separate the fibre from the stalks. For this labour Russia has innumerable hands, and so she has hitherto supplied 530,000 tons of the world total of 770,000 tons.

### Home-Grown Flax

It is interesting to realise that our own acreage under flax has trebled during recent years, the area being now nearly 4000 acres. For this advance we have to thank King George the Fifth. Recognising the national need for home-grown flax, he began with an experimental crop at Sandringham in 1931, and sent his crop to Belfast, where it was spun into linen for the royal household. Thus encouraged, he planted 100 acres of flax at Sandringham, and added a further 75 acres on which he erected an experimental factory. Linen manufacturers entered into a sort of partnership with him, furnishing capital for the running of the factory, with the result that experiments greatly simplified the always expensive processes involved, notably in the abolition of the wearisome and costly matter of pulling the crop by hand.

King George the Fifth showed that it is not impossible to grow English flax, and the day may come when, emulating his example, our farmers will produce the growth in such abundance as to put it out of the power of another nation suddenly and without warning to cut off our supplies.

### Kreiser's Fiddle

When Francesco Zecchino stood up to give a violin recital in Newton, Massachusetts, the other day he was the proudest boy in the world, for Kreiser had lent him his famous Guarnerius violin to play with.

Francesco, a protégé of the famous musician, is only 15.

## £1 TO £10

### The Great Growth of Social Services

A bright feature of our modern days, which has saved many homes from shipwreck and has improved the conditions of life for millions, has been the great growth of our social services.

These include: popular housing, education in many forms, unemployment benefits, national health insurance, old age pensions, child welfare, poor relief, and so on.

If we go back to so recent a year as 1900 we find that the State spent on such services £36,000,000. In 1938 this figure rose to about £500,000,000. This is a rise of from about £1 per head of the population to well over £10.

It was after 1905 that the great increase in such State spending became notable. A new spirit was infused into our legislation. The social conscience was awakened, and it was felt that we could no longer tolerate the degradation of people dragged down by the coming of old age or the failure of trade.

### Broken Homes of Other Days

Now it is rarely that a family is left without some resource. There are usually two or more earners in a family, and if one becomes unemployed the receipt of unemployment benefit, together with the wage of the other earning members, enables the family to carry on. In the nineteenth century tens of thousands of homes were broken up in bad times for want of organised succour. In the last three years £80,000,000 a year of public money has been spent on unemployment benefit and assistance.

But the new generation does not realise how difficult it was a generation ago to obtain legislation to provide for social obligations. Old age pensions were long denied because it was argued that, although they were desirable, we could not afford to pay them!

As taxation takes more from the rich than from the poor, the growth of the social services really amounts to a redistribution of wealth.

### Taioseach of Eire

Mr de Valera, finding the titles of Fuhrer and Duce already appropriated, has adopted the title of Taioseach.

It has the advantage of being very hard for English tongues to pronounce, though we have met an Irish girl able to manage it in two gulps. But it will be an awkward mouthful for American admirers when Mr de Valera visits the States in the summer.

There he has already a more captivating name, for on his last pilgrimage to America he visited the tribe of the Chippewa Indians, who entitled him Chief Norna-Eng-Gabi, with the right to wear a gorgeous headdress of feathers.

### Island Exile

Over 900 people, including several women, applied for the post of Warden of a tiny island sanctuary for birds off the Isle of Man.

The warden, who can do what he likes with a 60-acre farm, will be alone for ten months of the year and will live in one of two lighthouses no longer used. He will have the company of 70 species of birds, and if he wishes he may supply teas to the tourists who are allowed to visit the island in the summer. He will have a telephone, but a rowing boat is the only means of reaching the Isle of Man.

### Tea and Cricket

The immense crowds that flock to cricket matches in Australia are now learning to drink tea instead of beer.

At all the big matches cartons of tea are being sold for threepence, guaranteed to keep hot for half an hour. The other day 2000 eight-ounce cartons were sold.

## JUST 100 YEARS AGO

### The Post Office on Wheels

The travelling post office is just 100 years old.

It was in 1838 that the Grand Junction Railway converted a horse-box into a post office van, and some months later the first specially constructed travelling post office made its appearance. It was built by Nathaniel Worsdell, who had helped to make the tender for the Rocket, and was fitted with a table and pigeon-holes for sorting the letters. In a separate compartment sat the man whose duty it was to throw the letter-bags out of the window, collecting the incoming mail in much the same sort of net as we use today. Previously horse-drawn coaches had exchanged mail-bags without stopping, but not at the unheard-of speed of 25 miles an hour.

## Dictators Must Stifle Truth

By Lord Macmillan

The first essential of a university must be its spirit of intellectual freedom.

It must be the servant of truth, and have no other bondage, whether of race, State, or creed. Never was freedom more necessary than today—we have only to look at the country which gave birth to the Renaissance, and at the other which gave us the Reformation, where the teachers are now bound hand and foot and permitted to teach only what the Government thinks expedient.

I put freedom in the very forefront of the life of our universities. It is the essence of knowledge that it should give its pursuer freedom. Dictators are well advised, if they wish to keep their people in bonds, to stifle the free and untrammelled pursuit of truth in their universities.

## Nothing New

There has been much in the papers about a new cure for whooping-cough.

In this country and in Germany boys and girls with whooping-cough have been taken up 10,000 feet by aeroplane and brought down without a sign of the malady from which they had been suffering.

All this is talked of as if it were something new; but breathing at a high altitude is not by any means a new way of curing an old malady, for in Yorkshire there has long been a custom (at any rate in the neighbourhood of West Ardsley) of taking children with whooping-cough up Dewsbury Road to Tingley cross-roads, and on the Bradford to Wakefield road which climbs the Pennines. The pure air to be found at this height has often proved a complete cure for whooping-cough.

## The Old Folk at Home

Two months ago Mr Oliver Chalker retired from farming.

If you wonder why we mention it it is because he is 100 and his wife is 89. They have been married for 70 years! Mr Chalker decided to celebrate this great anniversary by giving the children of his village, Keinton Mandeville in Somerset, a party. He rides out in a bathchair or a pony chaise.

Mr and Mrs Harris, both 79, of West Tytherley, Hampshire, and Mr and Mrs Burt, 86 and 85, of Brockenhurst, celebrated their diamond weddings not long ago.

Buckingham Palace officials have had a busy year sending out congratulations, 148 of them, representing 8880 years of married life!

Mr Charles Henry Arnold of Camden Town, well over 100 years old, the other day went to Westminster Hospital and told the doctors that his eyesight was not as good as it used to be. He was given glasses.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Last year ended with the worst month for road accidents in the last three years.

Nineteen sketches by Leonardo da Vinci, from the Windsor Castle collection, are going to Milan for a Leonardo Exhibition.

The surprising news comes that full-blooded Aborigines in Australia have increased from 49,376 in 1927 to 52,835.

The average account in the Post Office Savings Bank is now about £54, nearly double that of 25 years ago.

Judge Allen of Santa Ana in California has thought of a good way of making dangerous drivers feel ashamed of themselves; he orders them to paint a red stripe round their cars.

The other day 30,000 barrels of juicy Nova Scotia apples were loaded on to a German ship at Halifax, the biggest shipment ever to leave the port for Germany.

A Russian wireless enthusiast has invented a walking-stick with a tiny wireless set hidden in the handle.

The blame for a shortage of onions in Germany is being thrown on Jewish merchants throughout the world.

Borstal boys, living in camp, are to reclaim water-logged land in Dorset.

The new classified list of daffodil names will soon be published, and will have more than 8000 names, 400 new ones since the 1937 list came out.

New Zealand's proportion of cars to population, one car for six people, is the second highest in the world.

A football team at Alsager in Cheshire has discovered that it has £45 in the bank, where it has been lying unsuspected for 20 years.

Five years ago Flight-Lieutenant H. E. Howes dropped his wallet while flying over Bristol, and a few days ago the wallet was found by a farm labourer while digging potatoes in a field.

## THINGS SEEN

Six thousand Canadian and American flags exchanged by 6000 children across the border.

In a shop window at Prague:

We exchange gas masks for German dictionaries.

A turnip in Ontario 31 inches round.

The Garden of Gethsemane in a sad state of neglect.

## THINGS SAID

The republic has passed through moments more critical than these.

Spanish Embassy statement

The greater part of the civilised populations of the world are under-nourished.

League of Nations Report

China must continue the struggle, remembering that it is better to be a piece of broken jade than a whole clay tile.

General Chiang Kai-Shek

The exiling of Professor Einstein and the confiscation of his property was Hitler's stupidest act, and Einstein may yet be the winner.

Mr G. B. Shaw

We are like convicts, watched every minute of the day by the police.

A chauffeur in London

You got what you paid for.

A cheap tailor's telephone answer to a complaining customer

## THE BROADCASTER

A JAPANESE law prohibits the sale of alcohol to people under 21.

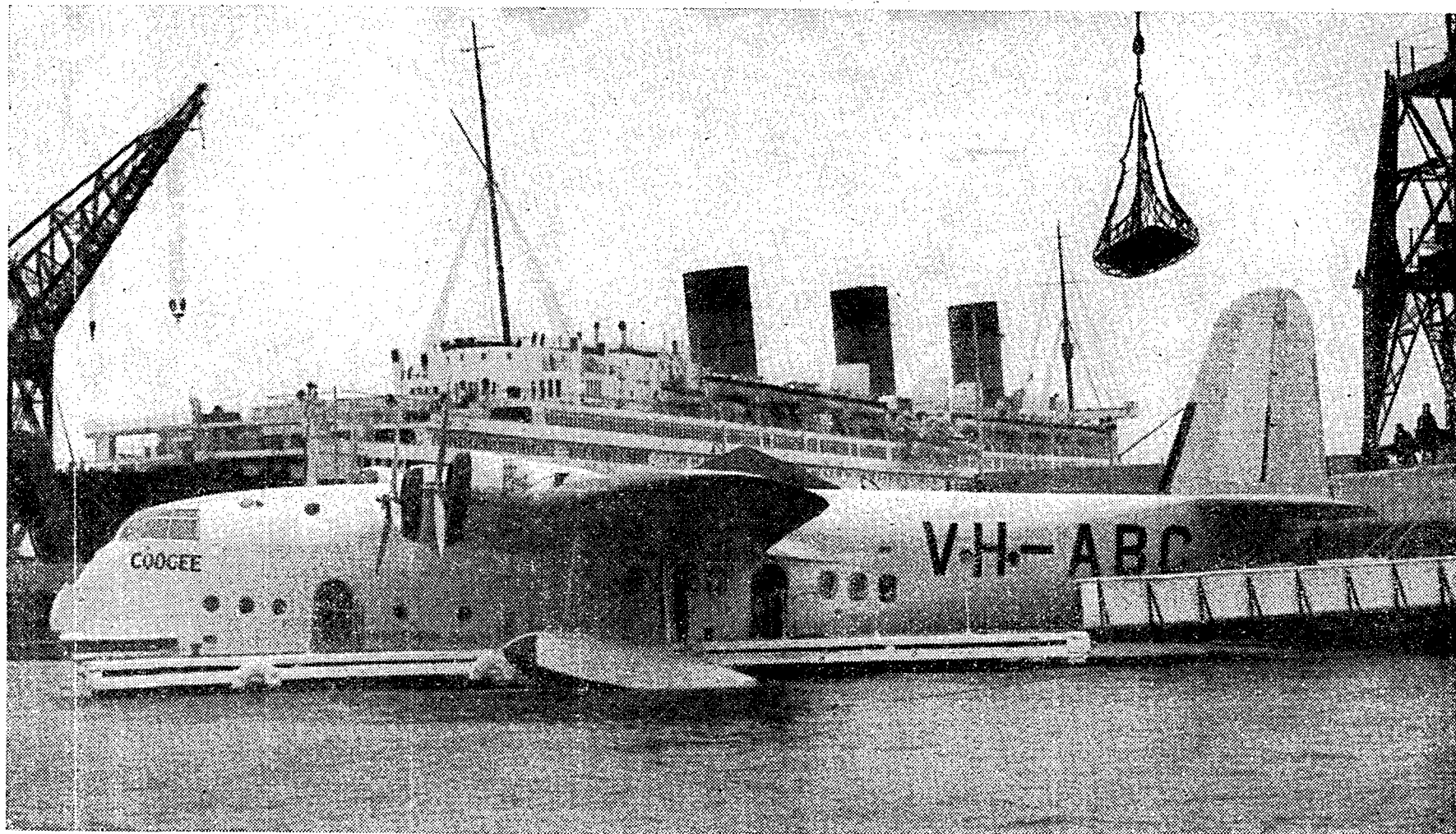
SOMEBODY unknown has given 200 red lamps to cyclists at Worthing.

OVER 400 King George's Fields have now been approved.

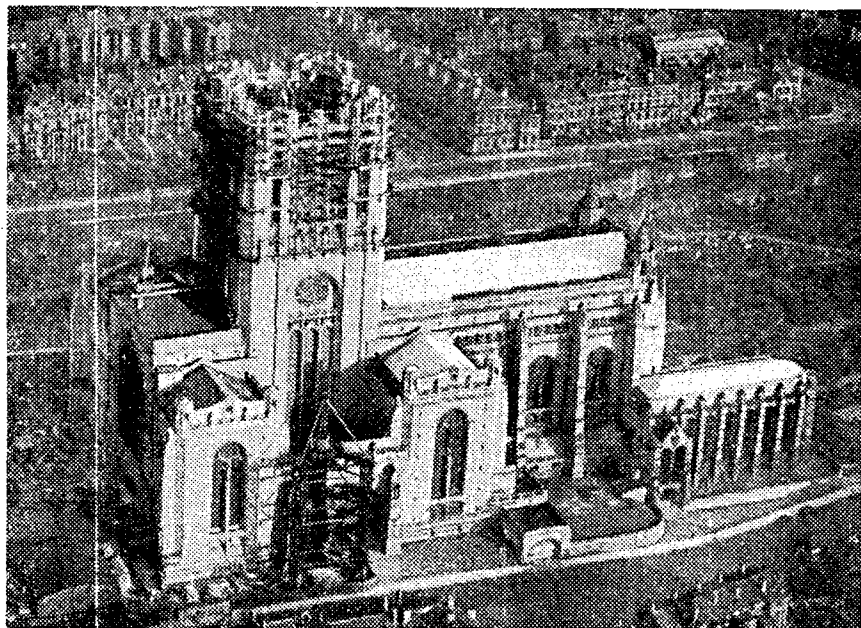
NEARLY 2,360,000 workpeople received better wages last year.



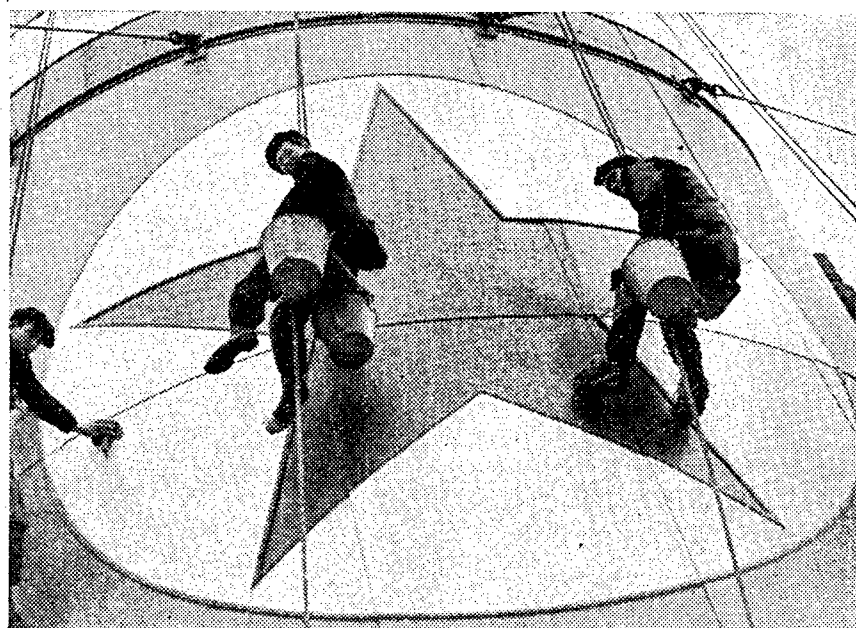
## Riding in the Row • Giants of Sea and Sky • Liverpool Cathedral



Giants of Sea and Sky—The flying-boat Coogee of the Australian section of the Empire Airway lying at her moorings at Southampton near the liner Queen Mary, in dry dock



Liverpool Cathedral—As can be seen from this aerial photograph the tower of Liverpool Cathedral is taking shape. It is hoped that it will be ready for the bells to ring out in 1941



In London's Docks—The figures of these men engaged on cleaning the funnel of the Avila Star in the Royal Victoria Docks give an excellent idea of the size of a liner's funnel



Riding in the Row—Any sunny morning will find numerous groups of riders in London's Rotten Row, Hyde Park



## AMERICA'S NEW COLONY 80,000 Antarctic Square Miles

### NORWAY AND THE WHALES

It seems only the other day since the C N wrote that Mr Lincoln Ellsworth was off again.

Now he has written from the Antarctic Continent that once again he has been up in one of his planes surveying that unknown land. When he flew the 2000 miles of its breadth before, he was missing for weeks, and his friends in two Continents breathed a sigh of relief when the British ship *Discovery II* found him safe at Little America.

This time he has not crossed the snowy wastes from end to end, but from the fringe of the Antarctic he went South to where from his plane he could see, at a height of 12,000 feet, 150 miles on each side of him.

#### A Vast Snowy Plain

In all this area not a mountain showed, nothing but a snow plain where nothing broke the white expanse. No human eye had looked on that mysterious blankness before. His was the first, and like a good American citizen he forthwith claimed the 80,000 square miles he surveyed for the United States.

Thus a South Polar No Man's Land has now distant citizens, though only one of them has seen it. It is more than likely that Lincoln Ellsworth will seek to know it better, for the Antarctic is his land of Heart's Desire: though he has also flown over the North Pole when Amundsen went with him.

Only the future can tell what may be the full value of this land to generations now unborn. But the present survey by Mr Ellsworth and Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is with him, on the 400-ton ship *Wyatt Earp*, is not to find minerals, but to ascertain more fully the nature of the winds, their force and duration and changes, as they flow downwards and outwards from the great heaped-up mass of air which caps the Pole.

#### The World's Winds

This knowledge is exceedingly important for forecasting the seasonal weather of Australia, and it will fill the gap in determining the circulation of the winds of the globe. The world's winds are now being mapped for airmen. The South Polar winds will help to complete the map at any rate in its broad outlines.

A more commercial advantage is at the back of Norway's action in also staking a claim in the Antarctic. She has officially annexed the coast on the continent which stretches from Coats Land on the west to Wilkes Land on the east, and looks out on a whaling area.

#### Protecting the Whales

This area, especially about South Georgia, is the headquarters of the world's whaling industry, now that the source of supply has shifted from the North Atlantic and Arctic waters. Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and the Argentine all take part in it, but Norwegian whalers have for a number of years had the biggest share. In "annexing" the waters where the whales are harpooned they do not and cannot claim to exclude or hinder other nations from whaling there; but they declare that Norwegian whalers must be assured that other nations will not interfere with their lawful activities.

The situation has arisen because the whales have been so harried of late years that international conferences have been held to ensure their better protection. That seems to be an urgent necessity unless the same fate overtakes them as that which destroyed the whales of the Far North.

All the mapping and exploration of the coast has been done by Norwegians.

## Tunnelled Towns of Tomorrow

SOUTHPORT has an idea for an air-raid shelter which would defy all danger.

Build a 22-mile tunnel under the town, says their organiser, with 22 points of entry. The entrances would be by slopeways, so that there would be no risk of jamming when a warning sent Southport's people hurrying to the tunnel. It would be a tube 18 feet in diameter, 60 feet below ground. The middle part of it could be used as a trolley car-way, with a foot-walk on either side.

In general plan it would be like one of the London Tubes and would accommodate 700,000 people. These would want fresh air, and air pumps would supply it; and even if they were all put out of action (which is unlikely) 135,000 people could hold out for three hours in so great a space till the defects were remedied.

Something of the same idea has been put forward in Leeds, which is asking for a Tube Railway 12 miles long under the busy city streets. The Home Office has been approached for help on the ground that the tunnels would be the best kind of air-raid shelter. The cost would be about £6,000,000.

Tube Railways or Underground Tunnels of any kind are not cheap, but their construction may be a form of economy. The promoters of the Southport scheme urge that the subways, approached not by stairs but by inclines, might well serve as underground motor-car parks. These are becoming a need in crowded cities, and the increased motor vehicle traffic suggests that in the cities of the future more tubes will have to be built.

They need not all be railways. They might be car-ways. Long before London's streets were as congested as they are now a suggestion was made to lessen the frequent interruptions to traffic caused by road repairs, or by electric light, water, and other public works.

It was proposed to construct tunnels under the streets in which water mains, gas mains, electric cables, and sewers could be laid. If any required attention they could receive it without taking up the roadway. Inconvenience and expense would be lessened.

The scheme never came to anything because of the cost, but in the times we live in, with new conditions and dangers, the underground tunnel might prove the cheapest way out of many difficulties.

## Wonderful Things the Surgeons Do

THERE was a boy whose arm broke as he was throwing a cricket ball, which weighs just under six ounces.

The same boy a few years later was putting the weight (16 pounds) for his university and won the event.

But, though the boy was the same, the arm was not quite the same, because it had been mended. The place where it broke had been diseased; and the mending of it had been done with two pieces of beef bone. The weak lad had become a strong man with the help of the bone of an ox.

This is not the only triumph of bone-grafting which surgeons have of late years performed. Mr E. W. H. Groves, Professor of Surgery at Bristol, tells of at least two others. A farmer's boy so badly fractured his thigh that a cavity

was left at the top of the thigh bone, and no piece of human bone could be found big enough to fill it. The surgeon who treated him took one of the great teeth of a walrus, which was in the museum, sawed a large piece of ivory from it, shaped it, and inserted it in the hole.

It closed the cavity, grew into the thigh bone, and in six weeks the boy was at work again on the farm. An antler from a stag was employed in another case, and was equally successful.

These gifts of bones from animals which have no further use for them seem to put new vigour into those who benefit by them. The weight-putter's friends must often tell him that he is as strong as an ox. Bible history records that much was wrought with the jawbone of an ass.

## Tea With RLS

IT is 44 years since R. L. S. died at 44. He sleeps now where he longed to be, the Pacific Ocean at his feet, and the lovely island of Vailima about him. But his memory is green, and Mr T. A. Acton, of Burton Leonard in Yorkshire, has been recalling his last meeting with the famous author, poet, and essayist.

He saw Robert Louis Stevenson little more than a year before the end of the short life which was so heroic. For five months in 1893 Mr Acton was at Apia in Samoa, one of 230 officers and men on board H.M.S. *Katoomba*, which had been ordered to quell a petty insurrection and to settle a dispute between two native chiefs.

While the British ship was at the island the officers and men saw and talked with R. L. S., who was thin and

emaciated, a tall, gaunt figure with a strangely beautiful face lit up by a happy smile. He was always cheerful in spite of pain.

The trouble which had sent the *Katoomba* across the Pacific with red-hot funnels was a blessing in one way to R. L. S., for it meant that he had music every afternoon. Every day the ship's band went to his house on the hillside, playing his favourite pieces, and the music linked him with his rugged Scotland, home of his happier days. Not only was he delighted with these daily programmes, but the performers were delighted too, for they were asked to stay to tea, and R. L. S. handed round dainties which made a pleasant change from the ship's routine food, which in those days was very unappetising.

## 20 Little Grey Monkeys

WHEN the steamer *New Holland* reached Sydney the other day from Singapore the passengers who had had the most fun on the voyage were 20 small grey monkeys.

One morning they managed to open the doors of their cages, and for several hours they had the run of the ship. They climbed the funnels, did gymnastics along the aerials, played leapfrog along the decks, and had the most glorious time eluding all attempts made to catch them.

The Chinese members of the crew were terrified at this sudden invasion, and locked themselves in their cabins, leaving the other sailors to try to

round the young rascals up. Succulent bananas were used to lure them within grabbing reach, and soon they were all captured except one, who parked himself away up the foremast. One by one the crew climbed up to try to coax him down, and when they were all thoroughly tired out by his obstinacy the little monkey, who was beginning to think that it might be time for dinner, tried to seize a banana and was caught in the act.

At least these monkeys will have an exciting adventure to look back on for the rest of their lives, which they will spend on Monkey Island at the Melbourne Zoo.

## SAFE FOR A FEW SECONDS ONLY

### Ordeal by Molten Lead

An experience at the Royal Institution lectures this year will long be remembered by the boy and girl who boldly volunteered a kind of ordeal by fire, wholly confiding in the lecturer's assurance that they would escape unscathed.

They dipped their fingers in a stream of molten lead, which melts at 600 degrees, poured from a crucible by the lecturer, who had encouraged them by first dipping his own fingers in it.

To their own delight, and to the rather awed admiration of the other boys and girls at the lecture, they were none the worse, and were, we cannot doubt, much uplifted in their minds.

But we cannot encourage our young C N readers to follow their example, because the experiment has to be made with very careful precautions. With these precautions it is quite harmless, and we may recall that fifty years ago Edward the Seventh, when Prince of Wales, did the same thing in the same place. Then, as the other day, the lecturer first carefully cleaned the hands of the experimenters, his own among them, with weak ammonia, in order to cleanse them of all traces of grease.

Fingers thus cleansed, when placed in molten lead do not actually come into contact with it, because the perspiration always coming from the open pores of the skin, and coming more freely because of the heat of the metal, forms about them a film of invisible steam.

This film of vapour forms for a few seconds a sort of insulated space, through which the heat of the lead does not pass. As a comparison we may think of the insulating space between the two skins of a vacuum flask which does not allow the heat of the liquid in the inner flask to escape readily to the outer air.

The comparison is not exact, because the insulation of the vacuum flask suspends the movement of heat outwards for hours, whereas the very thin film of vapour formed next the skin will do the same for some seconds only. Consequently, do not try this daring experiment for yourselves.

## LISTEN ON SUNDAY

### A Big Voice in a Big Cause

All readers of the C N know the voice of Mr Howard Marshall and his vivid broadcasts.

On Sunday Mr Marshall is to appeal on the Regional wavelength for a hospital which brings back to a fuller life and strength many a boy and girl laid aside by disease or accident. Mr Marshall will ask for gifts toward the £30,000 needed to complete the new buildings of the Queen's Hospital for Children in Hackney Road, one of the poorest parts of London.

This is the hospital which has the branch at Bexhill known as the Little Folks Home, to which many of our readers have contributed. The home has restored thousands to health and vigour.

In spite of the generosity of many good people the needs of our children's hospitals have not been met as they should have been in recent years, and we hope our readers will listen to the story Mr Marshall will tell, and gladden his heart, and the hearts of hundreds of parents who are very poor, by sending him as big a contribution as possible. Every penny counts in so great a cause.

## Miner Hodgkiss

Miner Louis Hodgkiss uses his spare time well. He reads plays and writes them. His play *Underground* has won popularity at Oldham Repertory Theatre. Much of it was written while he was working on the coal face.



## NURSE OF THE FOREST

Away in the wilds of British Columbia is the Florence Nightingale of the Forest, a young nurse who is devoting her life to the care of sick Indian and white settlers.

She is Janet Bryant, whose days are spent on horseback riding to and from her scattered patients through the dense bush of the wild Anahim Lake district. The nearest doctor is 88 miles away. For two years Miss Bryant carried on her work at her own expense, and then, as her splendid services to isolated settlers slowly became known to the outside world, good friends, the Red Cross and the Dominion Department for Indian Affairs, began contributing a little money towards buying the necessary medical supplies.

## THE SNAKE AND THE MILK

For more than a week a farmer's wife living at Manjimup, a tobacco-growing district of Western Australia, was puzzled by the loss of milk which she placed each day on a shelf on her creeper-covered verandah.

First of all she thought a dog or a cat might have taken it, but decided that it was impossible for them to climb up. Then she caught the thief in the act, a brown snake that had climbed up the creeper-covered wire netting.

## FLOATING ISLAND

How would you like to live on a floating island?

This is what the men who are working on the new 151-mile-long lake above Grand Coulee Dam in the State of Washington are going to do: Two huge floating camps are being built, each to house 50 men, and each having a barracks, a kitchen, a dining-room, a workshop, and a tool house.

The idea of these floating homes is that they will be towed all over the lake by a 64-foot tug. Thus, when a wharf has to be built at a certain point, along will come the tug and take the men where they are needed, and when that is finished their homes will be towed to another point of the lake where something else has to be built.

## TWO OCEANS IN AN HOUR

The other day mermaids from the Panama Canal Zone had a swim in Panama Bay, in the Pacific Ocean, took a bus to Albrook aerodrome, flew across the isthmus in 18 minutes, and then went for a second swim, this time in the Atlantic. The journey from ocean to ocean had only taken half an hour.

## EVEN FARMERS CHANGE

Everything is changing; even the farmer is not what he was.

Did not most of us picture him wearing knee breeches, gaiters, and heavy boots? He wore a dress like this even at the local functions he attended. But he is changed very much in these days.

When the Farmers Union met for a conference the other day the farmer they elected chairman wore spats and a suit which made him more like a prosperous city man than a farmer. And any agricultural dance in these days brings the young farmer in evening dress and the young ladies in the very latest thing in evening dress. There have been immense changes since George Eliot described farmers and their families in her novels Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss.

## GENERATIONS COME AND GO

One of the oldest trade unions in England is the Foundry Workers Union, which, like most other unions, began as a friendly society. Recently some old records have come to light revealing the very interesting fact that one family has been connected with the Union since its formation in 1809.

1. Elisha Priestly, joined 1809.
2. Elisha Priestly (son), joined 1855.
3. James Priestly (grandson), joined 1861.
4. Thomas Priestly (great-grandson), joined 1876 and still a member.

All these men of the Priestly family were moulders in the Bolton district.

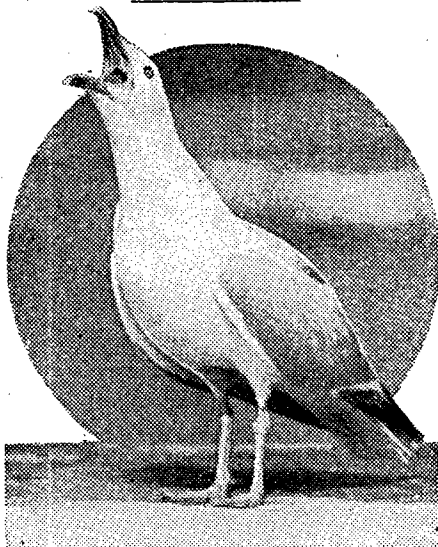
## Heroism on the Spot

Here is something seen by a bystander in Capetown; and the CN cannot improve on the way he tells the tale.

It happened on the main road at Rosebank, where a chubby four-year-old in a blue jersey suddenly made up his mind to cross just before the traffic lights released a bunch of heavy traffic from a side road.

He was halfway across when the traffic stream, gathering speed, bore down on him. At the head of it was a Native boy, delivering messages by cycle, who was on the left, and just behind him was a heavy lorry.

The boy, perceiving with lightning intelligence that the lorry driver could not possibly see the child, acted in a flash.



Screaming for its supper

## THE NORTH SEA TAXI

A few miles south of Berwick is Beal, and thereabouts we may hail a taxi at a point where the road goes down to the shore, and may well be surprised to find it moving into the sea.

We need not be alarmed at this, for the taximan is only doing what he has done many times before. His business is to drive people from the mainland to Holy Island, and the famous water taxis which ply between the two are selected with a view to their ploughing across the sand and sometimes through a foot of sea water.

This curious taxi service to Holy Island was begun about 15 years ago by Mr Robert Bell, who buys old cars and wears them out in six months, the salt water corroding the metal.

## SMOKE HAS BEEN WARNED

The smoke which fills London with fog and grime has been warned. The Government has ordered that the 7000 open fires in its buildings shall in future burn only smokeless fuel, and to that extent we shall have a cleaner London.

## CLIFFORD GETS A START

Young Clifford Lincoln is feeling that New York is not such a bad place after all.

For three months he has been looking for work, and the other day, when the temperature was below zero and he had just pawned his overcoat, he was arrested for sleeping in the Underground. The kindly magistrate took pity on the lad, gave him money, and told him to go and have breakfast and then come back. On returning Clifford was overjoyed to find a job and warm clothes waiting for him. Life is just beginning for this young man.

## THE FAITHFUL SERVANTS

The City Council of Salisbury in Rhodesia has decided that animals which have served the corporation until old age shall be pensioned off when their usefulness is at an end. Six mules which have given their lives to the city's service have been sent to end their days at the municipal farm.

He cut in a yard in front of the lorry and threw his cycle on the ground.

The lorry's brakes screamed on the tarmac as it came to a stop, hardly a foot from the cyclist and not two yards from the toddler.

A bystander ran into the road, took the child's hand, and led him back to the pavement and safety.

The traffic stream rolled on. The small boy, quite unconscious of the peril he had escaped, stood wondering; the lorry driver remained stock still with his lorry, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead; the rescuer, having picked up his cycle, was out of sight, pedalling as fast as he could on his errand, unknown and unthanked.

## TWO COWS

Two cows have been making front-page news on the other side of the Atlantic.

The whole of Saskatchewan, and the Clarke family in particular, are mourning the death of Bessie, a cow who for the last year has been walking around with a wooden leg.

The other front-page headline was made when the guest of honour failed to be present at a big banquet held in her honour the other day by the Jersey Cattle Club in Vancouver. She was a 17-year-old champion Jersey cow and she holds the world's record of producing 7774 pounds of butterfat.

## MANY FLEETS IN ONE

The great naval base at Singapore is to be completed this year.

It will be the greatest dockyard of its kind in the world, capable of maintaining a great Pacific Fleet, ready for all emergencies in Eastern waters. There is a fine air station adjoining the dockyard. The cost will be over £20,000,000, and it is 15 years since the work began.

The size and cost of the British Navy results from the far-flung character of its operations. The Empire extends to every sea, and in the "next war," if it ever happens, the Navy will need to be strong in the East, in the Mediterranean, in the North Sea, and elsewhere. Thus necessarily divided, the Navy has, in effect, to be several great navies at once; the responsibility of the Admiralty is tremendous.

## THE CHEMIST'S SHOP

The chemists are very naturally complaining of the competition of commerce in hawking medicines from door to door and in the marketplace.

The pharmacist has to study his profession and to become qualified by examination, and the president of the Pharmaceutical Society rightly says that if the sale of medicines and dispensing of prescriptions were reserved to pharmacists pharmacy would be more a profession and less a trade, and the people of this country would be safer than they are.

On the other hand, the ordinary shopkeeper is competed with by the chemist. The chemist's shop today offers us not only medicines but all sorts of quackeries sold at extravagant prices, plus hair-brushes, bags, purses, books, tools, and a thousand other things.

We confess that we should like to see the chemist's shop restored to the dignity it enjoyed when its servants were all qualified people.

## THE LUCKY FISH

All Florida is chuckling over this story. A lady walking along a pier in Miami the other day was horrified to see several live fish flapping about the planks. She could not make out how they got there, and, having a kind heart, she picked them up and threw them back into the sea.

Then she caught sight of a fisherman perched on one of the piles of the pier, intent on a nibble. She had thrown away his catch!

## MICROSCOPE MARVEL

A further advance in magnification is reported from America, where a Russian scientist, Dr Vladimir Zworykin, has invented an ultra-microscope which can magnify a million times.

Thus an atom measuring only a millionth part of an inch is seen an inch in diameter!

This microscope is not a question of lenses. It uses electrons and a fluorescent screen on which the magnified image is thrown so that many can see it.

The possibilities of this new form of magnification are so great that we eagerly await further news of it.

## PARCELS FROM THE SKY

Farmers at Helena, in Montana, were very surprised when they woke up the other morning to see exciting-looking parcels scattered about their gardens, suspended to telegraph wires, and decorating hedges.

They were terribly disappointed when they were told that the parcels had been dropped from a plane by mistake.

## SCHOLARTON

The children at Limerick, a little Canadian town near Regina, are always eager to get to school now, for the teacher has had the ingenious idea of building a miniature town to teach them how to become good citizens.

It is called Scholarton, and consists of 24 buildings, a church, a post office, a town hall, a bank, a garage, and several shops and homes. The youngsters learn the art of public speaking at meetings held to elect a mayor and council, and the council makes laws.

The post office teaches the children letter-writing, the bank gives added interest to arithmetic (especially as Scholarton uses dummy money), and children soon learn that it is most unpleasant to be fined for breaking laws.

## CHROMIUM

The use of chromium has become widespread in a variety of trades.

This is not because it is pleasant to look at; its value rests in its quality of being untarnishable in ordinary conditions. So we find it used on motor-cars, bicycles, bathroom-fittings, and even furniture and watch-cases.

Unfortunately, the trades using chromium are dangerous; in fact, chromium now causes more serious cases of industrial poisoning than lead.



Young Australia takes advantage of a high wind at Sydney

## A THOUGHT FOR THE DEER

New York State keeps an eye on the thousands of deer roaming in its forests. Whenever the weather becomes unusually cold, and the animals are threatened with starvation, thousands of deer cakes (weighing 25 pounds and made of crushed soya beans and treacle) are sent into the depths of the forests and left where the deer can find them.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 28 1939

## What Shall We Do About Parliament?

MEMBERS of Parliament of all shades complain of public indifference to elections.

In local matters it is very difficult to get ratepayers to vote at all, and even in parliamentary elections only half, or little more, actually vote. The result is that many members of Parliament represent only a minority of the men and women entitled to vote in their constituencies.

This is the more remarkable because the State pays the cost of sending out election addresses and sets up plenty of voting-booths; all the elector has to do is to take a short walk and make a cross on a strip of paper.

Actually we often get an election result like this:

Entitled to vote .. .. .	40,000
Actually voting .. .. .	25,000
Not voting .. .. .	15,000
Winning candidate's votes ..	13,000
Losing candidate's votes ..	12,000

Thus a man who obtained only 13,000 votes in a constituency of 40,000 becomes M P with a salary of £600 a year, although 27,000 electors either voted against him or were too apathetic to vote at all. This sort of thing is bad for Parliament and bad for the State. What is the cause?

Perhaps one of the chief causes is the poor reporting of Parliament in these days. In the old days newspapers gave extensive reports of Parliament as their chief news. When Parliament was not sitting Fleet Street called it the "silly season," because news was so scarce! Lord Northcliffe changed all that; he thought too much stress was laid on the affairs of Parliament and too little on other things, and he turned the wheel completely round. Today newspapers with enormous circulations distract attention from Parliament by printing a host of exciting miscellaneous items, and by encouraging a score of other things that waste the nation's reading time.

One member of Parliament thinks it necessary that the Ministry of Education should interest boys and girls in Parliament and its work. Much could be done through schools to make Parliament a living reality instead of a thing far removed from life. Why not Parliamentary school days, with public questions debated by the senior scholars?

Another method of spreading interest in Parliament we have before suggested. It is that the B B C should devote one of its wavelengths to broadcasting the debates. We are convinced that millions of electors would by this means gain a lively interest in public affairs.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### The Caudillo

LONG accustomed to the title Duce for Signor Mussolini, and Fuhrer for Herr Hitler, we have now the style by which General Franco would like to be known. He is to be El Caudillo. It means precisely the same as the two others, Leader.

Signor Mussolini's title is the most elastic of the three. Corresponding to our degree of duke, our highest rank in nobility below a prince, Duce may describe a ruling prince.

But by whatever name General Franco may be known, History will know him as the Spaniard who brought foreign Powers into Spain to bomb Spanish men, women, and children.

### Pathetic

IN Dublin they seem to believe, as we do not, that the days of the Irish Sweep are yet long in the land.

At Ballsbridge the Irish Government has built a new headquarters for the Sweep, with room for 4000 clerks. In some of the rooms the Supervisor, sitting at a high table, will be able to overlook 200 women at a time, counting the tickets.

The only bright spot in this senseless display of raising revenue by encouraging fools to squander their earnings is that any of the women clerks who are married will have to explain why their husbands are not supporting them. The answer may be that the housekeeping money has gone in the Sweep.

### The Poet's Parcel

ONE of the parcels the Post Office has just delivered was addressed like this from Scotland:

*Here I go to England  
To seek a man of fame,  
Who gives away his millions,  
Lord Nuffield is his name.*

Happily it is easy to find the way to Lord Nuffield's great heart, and the Post Office had no trouble in handing over a little present to this great giver.

### The Builders

WE hear of fourteen young clerks in Sydney who have been carrying on the spirit of Toc H, to which they belong, by building a new home for an unemployed man and his family.

It is quite a jump from office work to carpentry, but these lads enjoyed shouldering spades, saws, and hammers and taking a tram out to the suburbs, where they erected a four-roomed building. The completion of this work took them every Saturday afternoon for two months.

### Not Very Many Rich

THE number of very rich people in our country is not so large as is sometimes thought.

There are 46,000,000 people in the United Kingdom, and the people with over £2000 a year in 1937 are officially returned as 95,750.

The highest recent year for big incomes was 1929, when 108,891 persons had over £2000 a year. The number of people with over £100,000 a year varies from 125 to 150.

### China's Resistance

BEHIND the Japanese main fighting line, where the Chinese are no longer able to use armed resistance, there is a bland refusal to do anything but place obstacles in the way of the Japanese.

When the guerillas are needing food or clothes supplies spring up from nowhere. When the Japanese demand similar help the "conquered" people are starving and ragged.

China is clearly showing to the world, as India showed to us, the immense power there is in dogged passive resistance.

### JUST AN IDEA

*The longer you stay away from anything the harder it is to face it, we were reading the other day; and it is perfectly true. If we have a hard thing to do it were better done quickly.*

## ROAST CHESTNUTS

By the Pilgrim

ONE topic led to another and at last we were talking about chestnuts.

"Ah," said our friend, "I will tell you how to roast chestnuts, for not everyone knows, and it is not as simple as it seems. First you buy your chestnuts. Then you gather round the fire, the entire household. It will not do if Father is at the club, or Mother speaking at a meeting, or a daughter at a dance, or a boy at the kinema. That is no use. They must all gather round; and it must be a bright fire, burning merrily, and the lights must be turned down, and you must all talk softly. It is best to remember old days; and bit by bit you must get a kind of family feeling, as if you are all one, all loyal to the best-loved things in the world, Home."

"Yes," we said, "that is excellent; but what about the chestnuts?"

"Ah," said our friend, "I had quite forgotten them—and, after all, they don't matter."

## Talking With a Friend

Some years ago an unknown writer gave the world this thought:

THE comfort,  
The inexpressible comfort,  
Of feeling safe with a friend;  
Having neither to weigh thoughts  
Nor measure words,  
But pouring them all right out  
Just as they are,  
Chaff and grain together;  
Certain that a faithful hand  
Will take and sift them,  
Keep what is worth keeping,  
And, with the breath of kindness,  
Blow the rest away.

## The Ugly Boxes of the Countryside

HARDLY a week passes without some public-spirited man arising in our midst to denounce the ugliness of the millions of small dwellings that have been built since the Great War. Perhaps the bungalow growths are the worst and most criticised feature of the English landscape.

But the critics make no progress, and the speculative builders take no notice of them, for they are busy selling for £400 bungalows costing £250.

Mr J. B. Priestley says we must curb the passion of the suburban Englishman for living in bungalows; but no such passion exists. What the small man wants is something cheap, and the bungalow merchants offer him something that *looks cheap*.

What we want are building societies that *build*, and *build well*, instead of merely lending money to buy any sort of houses. Such societies could produce cheap and beautiful small cottages, which are what the nation needs.

## To a Hero

A great gentleman and valiant soldier, who gave his life for his country, and was an example of all that was best in the qualities of those who have made it great.

In memoriam tribute to Major Carter, V C

## Under the Editor's Table

### Peter Puck Wants To Know



When the airman  
airs his views

THE children who are turned out of our schools today are better educated than 50 years ago, says a writer. In 50 years they ought to have learned something.

IN frosty weather everybody wants the plumber. His piping times.

AN expert in handwriting has been made a C B E. He will enjoy writing his own letters.

PUBLIC men soon get tired of banquets. Fed up?

FLYING is said to cure whooping-cough. Patients are taking it up.

PORPOISES go about in schools. Amusing for the schoolchildren.

IN Italy they make wool from fish. Italian boys can really eat their hats.

THE bad boy finds that naughtiness does not pay. But some are good for nothing.

WILFUL children often need bringing out. And more often are kept in.



## THE ROUND POND'S RIVAL

### Wanted, a Harbour For Air Liners

The famous Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, with its seven acres of liquid romance, is to have a rival if certain plans are carried out.

At present the great air liners of Imperial Airways have to content themselves with Southampton Water as a base, and the position is difficult and unsatisfactory, so they want a home of their own.

Nature and the engineers have not so far provided one, so experts are exploring south-east England with a view to finding a site inland, yet near enough to the sea for water to be pumped in from it, to fill a round pond a mile and a half across, on which the biggest craft could alight and take off.

#### Ice-Locked Ports

Such a pond, it is said, would not be liable to freeze. This would give the liners an advantage denied to them in Newfoundland and in the ordinary Russian ports—all of which are ice-locked against seaplanes through the winter. Presumably the hope that the proposed pond would escape frost is based in part on the stirring of the water caused by pumping; but there is another factor favourable to the hope, one that we do not always remember.

A stream flowing towards the sea may freeze solid while the sea itself remains unaffected by the temperature. This arises from the fact that sea water requires for freezing three degrees more cold than fresh water. The freezing point of fresh water is 32°; for sea water it is 29°.

This has very important consequences for mankind. In Antarctic seas the water at the bed of the ocean has a constant temperature of just over 31° degrees, which, were the water fresh, motionless, and untouched by warmer currents, would mean that the ocean would freeze solid, and by chilling the water far and near would gradually lower the temperature of the entire globe, and so might bring about another Ice Age.

#### Keeping the Pumps Moving

But sea water resists frost at that temperature and so remains fluid, and once the thermometer rises the least point above 29° degrees its ice can begin to thaw. But for that remarkable provision of Nature the Arctic and Antarctic seas could never retain fluidity; they would remain solid.

If the big round pond does come into existence, then, we shall know that its sea water will defy frost down to 29° degrees—and even lower temperatures with the pumps keeping it moving.

But the site has yet to be found. The ideal seems to be in the Kent marshes, but all will then depend on the underlying ground being non-porous. Like the beds of rivers and lakes, it must hold water; the scheme is too big to allow of concreting the base of this inland harbour for the air liner.

### A Decision on Memorials

An important decision has been made by the Chancellor of the Chester Consistory Court.

The Vicar of All Saints, Cheadle, applied for a faculty to erect a carved memorial to a church worker, and on it was to be an inscription beginning "To the glory of God." The Chancellor suggested that the wording should be "In gratitude to God," and he made similar objections to other applications. All the amendments were agreed to after discussion.

The C N is delighted to see that this fine phrase is not to be so lightly used in thousands of commonplace ways.

## If Nature Were Allowed To Run Wild

SOMEONE has said that a mixed herd of pigs running at liberty would contain some that would be killed by certain foods and so would die out, leaving the remainder to produce a new strain, an example of "evolution by catastrophe." Professor E. W. MacBride, a famous zoologist, however, supports the view that there is no such thing as evolution by catastrophe.

Such a herd living free in the open, he says, would revert in 40 years to the ancestral type of wild boar from which the domestic pig was evolved, and all trace of white pigs would be lost.

Such a theory is in accordance with all known facts. Our finest domestic horses, sheep, and cattle, if left to themselves, revert to ancestral type. The St Kilda sheep, in common with all the wild sheep, gradually grew hair instead of wool. Neglected apples, pears, peaches, and plums run back to the old stock.

There is not a grape that comes to table that is not the fruit of man's care and cultivation. A seed from the finest grape produces an inferior strain, tending to the poor wild type from which it sprang, and that in spite of the fact that the vine has been cultivated for thousands of years. Good vines can only be grown from slips cut from an established vine of good quality.

## Coloured Sheep and Coloured Trees

As we drive about the country during the time the summer agricultural shows are on we often encounter lorry-loads of sheep whose glistening colour suggests that they may be descended from the sheep of Jason's Golden Fleece.

The colour is artificial, and has been the occasion of a ten-year war between prominent breeders and the Highland and Agricultural Society, who have denounced the dyeing of the fleeces and barred sheep so treated from their shows.

There has been a conference at Edinburgh of the parties interested, and a compromise has been reached. The society adheres to its ban, but has agreed to admit for one season sheep whose fleeces are not so highly dyed that the colour comes off on the hands of people handling them, and provided that the dye will either fade away naturally or prove capable of being scoured out of the wool when it reaches the manufac-

Man, as the great gardener and stock-master, like the industrious steward in the parable of the talents, receives from Nature latent assets which by skill and labour he multiplies in value. If he neglects the gift with which he is entrusted, his pigs become unprofitable, his apples mere crabs, his peaches and apricots worthless fruit, his sheep bearers of kinky hair instead of golden fleeces of wool.

Perhaps disaster reduced the value of the livestock of our ancestors through no fault of their own. We are told, by Matthew of Westminster, and again by Speed the historian, that, following storms and disasters disabling the men of the country, the untended birds and animals of the farms fled unchecked to the English woods and forests, there to live wild, amenable no more to human discipline.

The animals could be recovered, but not the birds. A valuable strain might vanish in a single season. Peacocks were among the birds that migrated in one such stampede, but they died out or were killed. Perhaps it was in this manner that pheasants brought over by the Romans, which still survive with us, gained their freedom from the estates on which they may have been artificially reared and nurtured.

Presently we shall have to say goodbye to the sheep with the gleaming fleece, and be content with hues that Nature provided.

The controversy will interest German scientists who, whatever their practice with regard to sheep, have managed to dye their trees. All the trees in an experimental area near Uslar, in the Weser district of the country, are fitted with a receptacle containing red or blue or other dye, which is directed by a rubber tube into the root.

A weak electric current plays some part in the process, and the result is that within a month the colouring makes its way throughout the entire tree, to the remotest leaf and twig.

Only such trees as are ready to be felled are treated, and at the right time down comes the tree, coloured in every vein, ready for conversion into furniture or anything else for those who want it.

## The Boy, the Toad, and the Iron Duke

THE re-issue of a famous book of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, by the fifth Earl of Stanhope, has led Mr Desmond MacCarthy to relate a story that has not been published before, a story revealing in a flash the kindness and the strict attention to engagements which marked the character of the Iron Duke.

The conqueror of Napoleon was commonly regarded as stern, cold, and unsympathetic, but his soldiers adored him; he was a born playmate to children, and he had a great love of animals.

When nearly seventy he ran a race at Walmer Castle with a little boy who was to become famous as Sir Algernon West, to whom the duke always sent pears and figs from the trees in the castle moat.

The new story Mr MacCarthy received from the late Bishop Gore, and it was this: One day the duke saw a little boy digging a hole in St James's Park before burying a live toad in it. Asked what his purpose was, the boy told the duke that he was about to return to school, and that, as his parents would not take care of his pet, and he understood that toads could live for years in stones and other places of confinement, he was going to bury his toad for safety until he returned home.

"No, my boy," said the duke, "don't do that. I'll look after your toad till the holidays." So the toad was handed over. Halfway through the term, however, came a letter to the school addressed to the boy saying, "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr —, and regrets to inform him that owing to circumstances he can no longer be responsible for the toad. Will Mr — send instructions?"

That was the man who saved Europe from the domination of Napoleon. What eventually happened to the toad we do not know, but surely, with so exalted a patron, it must at last have been received into favour by the family of its little owner.

### He Had Seen Rain

A C N reader who is having a holiday in Texas writes us that parts of the State are the driest places in the world. She was driving through these parts one day and stopped to have tea with an old settler and his 20-year-old son.

"Well," she said, "to open the conversation, 'it looks as though we may have rain.'"

"I hope so," was the settler's reply; "not so much for myself as for my boy here; I've seen it rain."

## WHITHER JAPAN?

### The Road to Ruin

#### STRONG PROTESTS BY THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

Japanese ambition in China has overleapt itself.

The latest effort on the part of Japan's militarised Government to show the world that she is master there has been rejected by Great Britain and the United States.

For the last year or more these two nations who have large interests in China have suffered much. Great Britain has seen her ambassador narrowly escape assassination by a Japanese aeroplane. The United States has suffered the bombing of one of her river gunboats. In addition to this the commercial privileges granted to the two countries by China have been unscrupulously violated by her wanton assault. The apologies Japan has offered have differed little from insults.

#### Closing the Door to Trade

How empty they were is shown by the Japanese action, which at last has provoked as strong a remonstrance from both Great Britain and America as one nation can deliver to another. Japan, under the pretence of bringing "a sort of peace" to China, has prepared to make herself the supreme authority and power there, with the will and opportunity to close the Open Door to the trade of other nations.

Japan's position is illustrated by the Eastern proverb that he who rides on a tiger can never dismount.

For nearly three years she has been trying to bring China to her knees. She has contributed to the deaths of a million Chinese men, women, and children, but beneath her bludgeonings the Chinese spirit is unbroken and unbowed.

#### The People Will Pay

Japan must therefore go on, still running up a bill at the command of her generals and admirals, which the common people must pay. It is said that on the whole the Japanese Army and Navy are running the war cheaply, but what does that mean? We know what the cost of a three-year war can be, because we are still paying for one. What sort of a bill will the Japanese people have to meet, paying it by working harder and faring worse?

Something of this feeling can be noted in Japan from the outside, though all news from within is as carefully screened off as in any Dictator State which censors its newspapers and makes them mere mouthpieces for what the Government wants the world to hear.

Even so, as straws show the way the wind blows, some recent Cabinet shuffling in Japan gives a hint that all is not well there. The conflict arises between the military power and big business. Big business, in spite of the raw materials it hopes to command from China and the control of the foreign trade of China which it hopes to wrest from other nations, is beginning to be frightened at the size of the bill.

#### Shadow of the Russian Bear

Moreover, there is always on the north and west of China the shadow of the Russian bear. Russia already has absorbed nearly as big a slice of China quietly as Japan has acquired by fighting. Big business would like to call a halt.

But he who rides on a tiger can never dismount. The Army chiefs say that Japan must go on, even to the conscription of Japanese labour for military purposes when the need arises. They must go on, but where are they going, and what will they meet at the end of the journey?

The answer is plain. They will meet the hatred of China, the distrust of the rest of the world, and the hidden threat of Russia.



# THE WIRELESS NEWS

No man knows when a new thing is done what will come of it.

No man imagined when the B B C came into existence that it would bring into our homes, and carry all over the world, music, news, and plays, and the talk of Prime Ministers and Kings.

Now a new thing is being done in America which has been foreseen for many years and was predicted in our columns years ago. The wireless newspaper has come.

The Post-Dispatch of St Louis has been printing for the last few weeks the first wireless newspaper in the world. It has nine small pages, four columns wide, printed in ordinary newspaper type with the leading news of the day, sports, pictures, a cartoon, financial news, and wireless programmes. It is broadcast from a

## The Old Old Story of the Newest World

WE shall have our own newspapers printed in our own homes. We shall probably buy a screen, and on it every day the Daily Telegraph, say, will print the news for us. We shall buy as many screens as we like to have papers—or perhaps we shall have blank pages of paper supplied with the screen, and the office of the paper will print the pages before our eyes as they hang on the wall of our room.

### Twenty Years From Now

It will not come tomorrow or the day after, but it will come. Television is bringing it. There is no reason except one why a copy of tomorrow's paper should not be flashed by wireless to print itself on a hilltop in Kent, or in a farmhouse in Devon, or in a hut on the top of Ben Nevis. The reason why it cannot be done is that nobody can afford to do it. In twenty years it will be cheap to do it, and the newspaper revolution will have come. It will be one of the greatest triumphs the mind can conceive, and it is worth while to talk about the way the newspaper began and the future it is marching to.

When men ceased to be solitary beings to whom the daily food, the nightly shelter, were almost all they sought, and found companionship in primitive tribes and clans, a new want was added to them. It was the world of news.

### The Tale of Life as It Is

There came to them news of the tribe on the other side of the lake or the mountains; news of distant herds of game; news of the floods, the storm, the rising river, the approaching snows; news that the wise men would tell them of signs and wonders; news, not only for protection or assurance, but news for news' sake, news—the meat and drink of men's minds for all time. It has been so from the beginning. Life is a tale that is told. News is the tale of life as it is.

No matter how far back we glance into the lives of the most primitive of men, we always find that they had ways of conveying news. The native Tasmanians sent news across their mountains and rivers by talking sticks on which messages were cut. The old men of the Australian Blacks have a similar method and custom. A handful of eagle's feathers, or a few grains of corn, conveyed a message among the North American Indians. In Ashanti and the Gold Coast the traveller still sees the talking drums which convey warnings of danger, signals of alarm, calls to arms, or news of death. Another of the earliest news-letters was the fire on the hill.

The drums and the fires sent news by ear and sight; wireless and the heliograph do the same today; Television will do it tomorrow. Man grasps at anything that will send him news at the earliest possible moment in the speediest possible way.

But man never lost the wish to see it written down. He wanted a warrant of it, and a record. Perhaps, warned by the uncertainty which attends the spoken word, he felt a greater trust in writing. As the Romans said, *The written word remains*.

Let us stop for a minute to consider the steps by which the twentieth century has arrived at the newspaper which it now finds on its breakfast table. Though it has many fault-finders it has millions to whom its news is as daily bread, even as the news of the Stone Age was to the Cave Man who could speak only fifty words and had to be told the best news in pictures.

### The Making of a Newspaper

From the ends of the world messages are whispered to it and are brought to it with the speed of light. Nothing escapes it, a flood in China, an earthquake in Peru, the arrival of a plane in Australia or in Labrador, a cricket match in Melbourne, the movements of ships, the movements of money, the prospects of the weather, the programmes of the wireless—all these are spread out in it, displayed. They have been taken down, written down and written up, stamped in metal, printed on a hundred plates in roaring machines, piled in hundreds of thousands of copies, distributed by fleets of cars and carts, steamers, trains, and aeroplanes.

A whole tribe of workers by night and day, the proud republic of the newspaper men, as many in numbers as a small nation, is vowed to the service of telling the world the news.

### The Printing Press

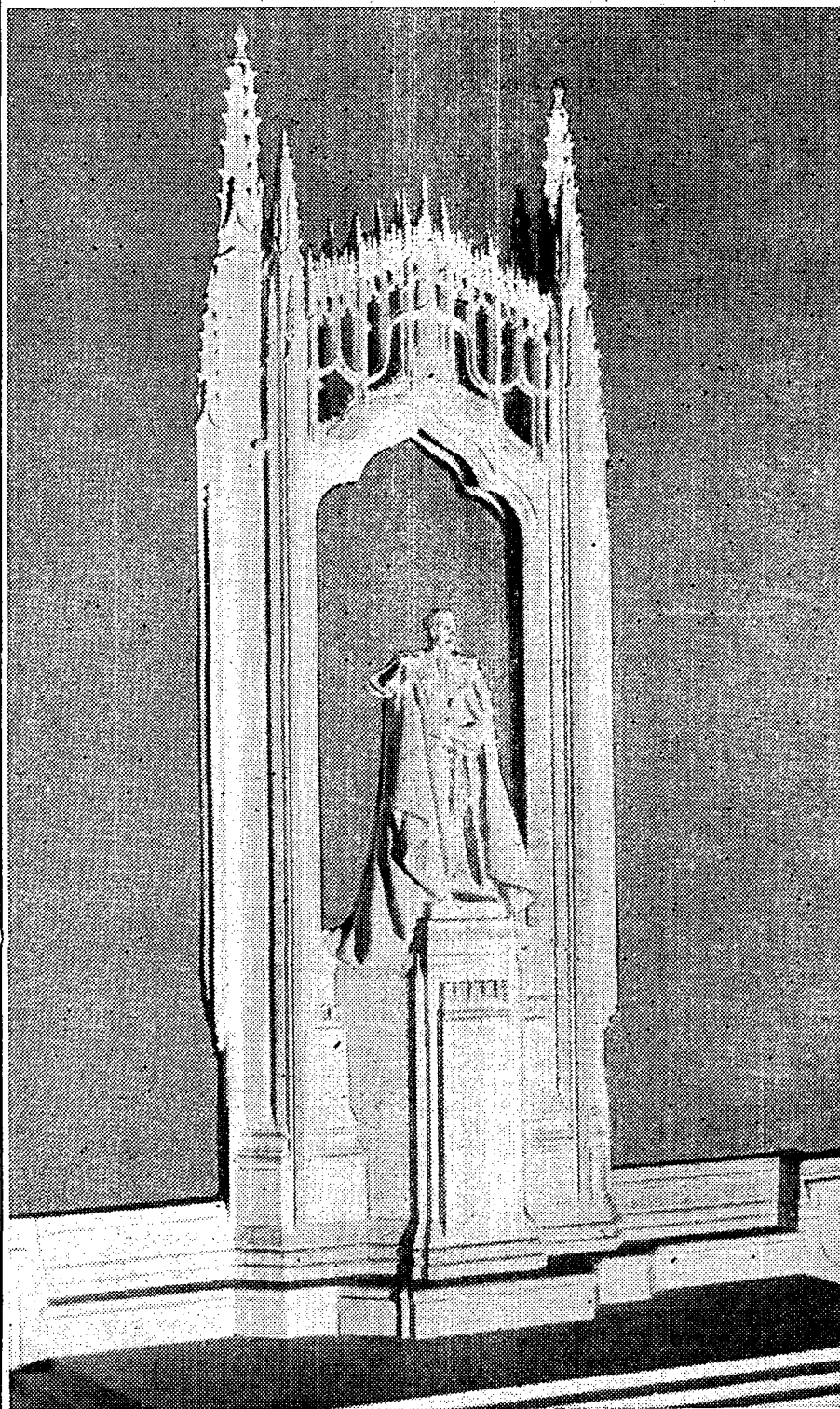
There is more than one thing which we might imagine as the most serviceable and valuable thing which civilisation and civilisation's needs have created for themselves, but some of us will think the great newspaper is the finest. It has so changed and altered and improved to suit the needs of the world that we cannot help thinking it has the germs of immortality in it. It will never stop. It will never be superseded, because it will always adapt itself to the morrow as it has always adapted itself to yesterday. What will it become?

What gave the great impetus to the spread of news was the discovery and use of the printing press; but from the old records, like the Anglo-Saxon



## WIRELESS NEWSPAPER

How the pages of the wireless edition of the St Louis Post-Dispatch are received in the home, as described in the article on this page



## GEORGE V MEMORIAL

The model for the National Memorial which is to be erected opposite the Houses of Parliament. The figure is by Sir William Reid Dick



# NEWSPAPER IS HERE

station operated by the newspaper, and the paper is printed every day, each page taking 15 minutes. The range of the station is 20 or 30 miles. The pages are printed on one side only and may be cut or folded into the ordinary form of newspaper. At present the paper is printed only for the members of the staff, as it is necessary for receivers to have sets which at the moment cost too much for the general public.

It is not necessary for anyone to be present while the paper is being printed; the owner of the set may go out and come back to find the paper printed in his room, and he may then take it up and read it like any other paper. This would have seemed a miracle not many years ago, but not many years hence it will seem a commonplace.

## Order and the Wonder That Will Come

Chronicle or those of Froissart, which were laboriously written by hand, and the printed books of Gutenberg and Caxton, it was a long stretch to the first circulated newspaper of the modern kind, the Frankfurter Journal of 1615. Once lighted, the newspaper's flaming torch, to be passed from hand to hand across the world, was never to be put out.

### The Photo-Electric Cell

The newspaper goes on and on. It gathers news by cable, by telegraph, by telephone, by wireless; it distributes news by every vehicle that can carry paper. It has gathered to itself every invention that can improve news and every piece of mechanism in printing which can speed up the preparation of news, the camera, the linotype, the monotype. If it has an ear for the world's news it has an eye for anything which can bring it faster, make it better and clearer. What will it take next?

It has already taken it. Forty years ago, before newspapers expanded so as to distribute themselves by the million, inventors were trying to send pictures as they could send telegrams. At last the invention is out of its swaddling clothes. It has put on the photo-electric cell, which will soon be as well known to every boy as his wireless set. By the help of the photo-electric cell a man's features as he talked in New York were seen wavering on a lighted screen in London.

### What the Public Wants

That was a genuine beginning full of possibilities, and today pictures from one continent are printed on another in an hour. If a picture can be sent over the wires so can the image of a printed page. No effort of the imagination is now needed to see that a newspaper could prepare all its pages, advertisements and everything included, in one town and telegraph pictures of them to any other town. If that, helped by further developments of photographic printing, should prove a profitable or economical and speedy way of distributing a newspaper it certainly will be adopted in the future.

That is not the full extent of the future to which we look forward here, however. The Television screen has already taken its place in the home, and with this at a practical stage the newspaper might throw on the waiting screens not only actual scenes of events, but the columns of type they have set up. But the newspapers will not readily part with their monopoly. They have survived the wirelessing of news because the public wants something

more than the mere statement of fragments of news. It wants the news set out, explained, enlarged, illustrated. It does not want bread alone; like the king in Mr Milne's rhyme, it does like a little butter on its bread. On the whole the broadcasting of news has been an advertisement of the newspaper's superior powers, in much the same way that the broadcasting of music has sent people to the gramophones and their superior records of the best music.

At first the Television stations may themselves become newspapers, though it will be a sphere they will occupy with difficulty and not without opposition. On the lighted screen they may flash a page of an official newspaper. It would contain all the guaranteed news of the day, everything that could bear the authentic stamp of Official.

### The Perfect Journal

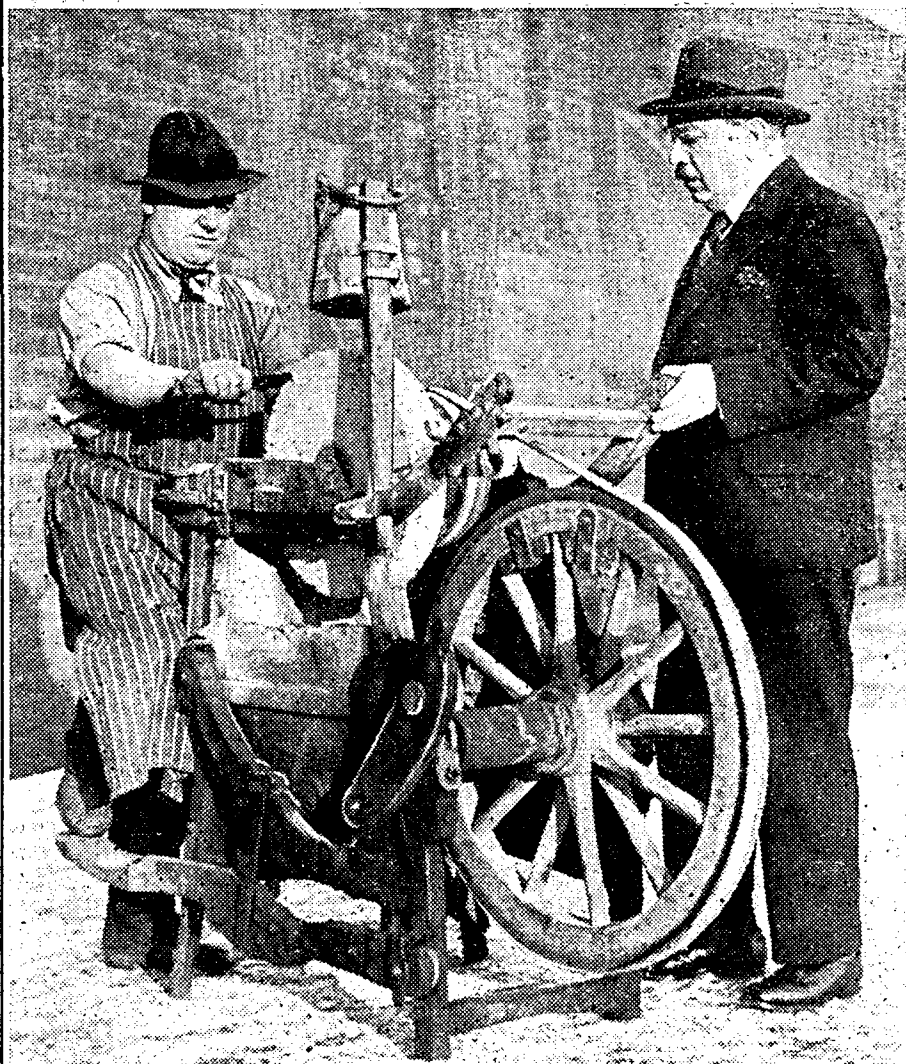
If perfection could be reached in an imperfect world we might look forward hopefully to finding on the screen the newspaper that we all have hoped for but only expected to see in our dreams—a journal always correct in its facts, sound in its opinions, reasonable in its views, written with taste and discretion and imagination, telling us all we want to know in the way we like it told, setting out nothing at all that we would have it omit.

Certainly there would seem to be no reason why the wireless newspaper should not come soon, why we should not buy a screen to be printed for us. There will be no end to the selection. The well-to-do people will have many screens. We can see houses of the future with libraries or picture galleries in which, hung on the walls instead of pictures, will be screens where the pages of the newspapers of the world will unfold themselves as they are printed. That might be too much for the private citizen, even if he were a man of leisure and unlimited income, but it would suit the Public Library.

### To Talk or Not to Talk?

It may be that, as a further refinement, the page as it appears will read itself aloud—but no, that would be too much. The world would be stifled by the buzz of too many newspaper voices. Yet even that is scientifically possible.

Let us end our vision of the future with the imagined row of screens on which the newspapers display to us just as much as we want to read, and no more. The newspaper will always be a man's companion, but if it is to remain his guide, philosopher, and friend it must know when to be silent.



THE KNIFE-GRINDER

Signor Ronato Tomassi with the old knife-grinding machine which he is handing over to the Hull Museum, as described on page 11



YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

Members of this picturesque corps photographed outside the Chapel Royal, St James's Palace



## SIRIUS, THE DOG STAR

### Grandeur and Immensity of our Sun's Neighbour

By the C.N. Astronomer

Who does not know that gloriously radiant star, scintillating with many colours, that now adorns our southern sky in the evening? Due south and highest above the horizon between 9 and 10 o'clock, this star is Sirius, venerated by the ancients as the Dog Star.

It was regarded as a celestial friend by the Egyptians, who worshipped it. Indeed, its name appears to have been derived from Osiris, their most venerated god, who was believed by these peoples of the Nile many thousands of years ago to have suffered, died, and then risen again, foreshadowing, as it were, that Great Event which was to come when the Temples raised to Sirius were becoming ruins and that grand civilisation of Egypt was passing away under the heel of Rome. In this sense Sirius may be regarded, even now, as the star which heralded the coming of that new Christian Ideal of Life which was to supplant brute force.

#### The Star and the River

The rising of Sirius in the morning sky indicated for the Egyptians the rising of the Nile, which, by the way, they called Siris; this annual rising meant life to the whole nation. To the ancient Greeks the rising of Osiris, or the Nile, meant little, but as they got most of their ancient astronomy from Egypt, and they had a similar word, "seirios," meaning brightness and warmth, this word appears to have been adopted for Sirius, although the warmth was not in evidence.

Sirius is venerated by us as a neighbour of our own glorious Sun, and though not quite the nearest, because the twin suns of Alpha Centauri are only about half as far and there are also four almost burnt-out dwarfs, yet Sirius is the nearest star we can see from our country. This distance amounts to 556,950 times farther than our Sun, so, like other suns, they are not likely to get in each other's way. It takes those radiant beams of Sirius eight and four-fifths years to reach us, whereas it takes little more than eight minutes for our Sun's light to get here.

Though so far away we may nevertheless take a brief close-up view of Sirius.

We find it a whirling mass of white incandescence not quite twice the width of our Sun, but pouring out 26½ times more light and from a surface that averages nearly twice



The sizes of Sirius (left) and our Sun compared. If our Sun were as far distant as Sirius our Sun would appear as a third-magnitude star.

as hot, the surface temperature being about 11,000 degrees Centigrade compared with about 6000 degrees of our Sun.

Furious and colossal storms rage continuously through this rapidly rotating mass of fiery elements, of which there are about two and a half times as much as there are in our Sun and about 830,000 times more than in our little Earth when measured by weight. But measured by bulk, in pints, say, Sirius is about 16,900,000 times greater than our world. This great discrepancy between weight and bulk, or, as astronomers say, between mass and volume, is due to such a large proportion of Sirius being in a state of vapour, a tumultuous fire-mist of the elements, chiefly hydrogen and calcium near the surface.

Sirius is speeding away southward at about 12 miles a second, but it will be about 50,000 years before he will reach a point from which he will never appear above our present horizon. He is not alone, for a small companion sun or flaming world accompanies him; this is calculated to be about 28,000 miles in diameter, and appears to be very wonderful, but consideration of this must be reserved for next week. G. F. M.

## The Hard Lot of the Deep Sea Fisherman

Just like everyone's idea of a Guards officer is Captain X. He is 6 feet 2 inches, and every one of those inches is immaculately clean and smart as new paint.

But he said: "The best sleep I ever had was on a pile of cod."

"You mean to say you went to sleep on fish?" we cried.

"Yes, and men were cleaning fish all over me, and I didn't care," said Captain X.

He began life in a famous regiment. Something happened to make him feel that he wanted to live for others. Where could he be of use? Who needed help?

He was told that Deep Sea fishermen have a very hard time. Most of the fishing is done in the Arctic, and the fleets go out for three weeks at a time. When they are fishing they work for 40 hours at a spell.

It is necessary. The fish must be gutted and packed in ice as fast as they are hauled aboard.

The ship may be pitching, seas may break over you every few minutes, snow may be falling, your fingers may be bleeding, but you dare not stop. When Captain X went out with the fishing fleet to see what it was like he fell asleep on the cod; but the others carried on.

It is a dangerous life, far more dangerous than a miner's. Every year more British lives in proportion are lost in the fishing trade than in any other. The ice closes in on a trawler and she is "lost with all hands."

There are many accidents at sea, too, and poisoned hands are very common. So Captain X had some medical training and went out in the boat supplied by the Missions to Deep Sea Fishermen. It is a little floating surgery, and sometimes it is a floating church. Men come aboard to drink tea, and sing hymns, and talk over their troubles. Captain X dresses their cut hands and helps in any way he can.

He is not a fully-trained doctor. It is exciting to hear him tell of a very sick

man they brought aboard. He guessed it was an urgent case of appendicitis, and commandeered the fastest ship in the fleet, the supply ship which brings the fish home to market, to take this man back from the Arctic to England.

The supply ship was not really fast, but the engineer got more out of her than ever before. Her safety valve was screwed down; she thumped and banged and shook. Everyone on board, including the captain, took turns to stoke her, and when they got into dock an ambulance, summoned by wireless, was waiting.

From the moment the first rope was flung to the moment the appendix was out was just 20 minutes. The surgeon said he had only a margin of three-quarters of an hour. No one knows why the supply ship's engine did not blow up.

The Mission has first-aid posts in various ports where a fisherman far from home can get dry clothes, hot food, a decent bed, or any other help he may need. Captain X thinks that every time we eat fish we ought to put aside a penny toward these hostels.

When he goes out to the Arctic he likes to take bundles of warm stockings to wear inside sea boots, and gloves to comfort the steersman's fingers at an icy wheel, and woollen sweaters and caps. He wants us to knit for the men who make fish cheap for us.

Remember, they go out for three weeks at a time, with only 36 hours between these voyages, and they work in the bitterest weather for 40 hours on end.

"They are grand people, those fishermen," said someone, and "Their wives are grander," retorted Captain X. "We all know how frightful it was to wait for news during the five years of the war, but a fisherman's wife may have 40 years of it! A man is away for three weeks; he comes back for 36 hours, and then she may never see him again."

The worst job that falls to the workers for the Mission is going to a fisherman's cottage to break the news to his widow. It is all part of the price of fish.

## The Gentle Dragon at the Zoo

Is the lion at last to lie down with the lamb?

The two terrible dragons at the Zoo have been so mellowed by contact with human beings that they have been accustomed to walk round the old reptile house for exercise, and have even behaved with positive benevolence when, in the presence of a favoured few, they have walked at liberty in a room and allowed children to pat and pet them.

With a length of eight feet the pair are now about three-parts grown, for, although their tails are short compared with other lizards, to which family they really belong, the dragons attain between 12 and 13 feet when fully grown. At large on the island of Komodo, in the Dutch East Indies, they are very fierce.

At the Zoo they have just had their nails trimmed, and submitted tranquilly. When at liberty they need no nail-trimming, for their nails are worn down by hard work in scrambling about rocks. A horse turned out to grass needs some

attention or his hoofs, which, intended by Nature to carry him over stony ways, would naturally grow as long as the hoofs of deer. Aviary birds whose feet are insufficiently exercised on hard, rough surfaces suffer from excessive growth of their claws; so do dogs and cats cooped up in flats where their feet are constantly in contact with soft materials.

The fact that even these fiery reptiles can be tamed to docility and good manners reminds us that until a few years ago the Tasmanian devil was said to be untamable, whereas a New Zealand lady has tamed them like kittens. A quarter of a century ago the Komodo dragons were unknown, and a dozen years ago were pronounced fierce beyond redemption; today they toddle about with children and have their nails trimmed like poodles, thrive on an occasional dose of castor oil, and take slimming exercises as amiably as old gentlemen trotting out of their clubs for a constitutional in the park.

## The Farmer and the Ant

WE all remember Solomon's injunction respecting the ant, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

The droughty weather of last spring and summer has given us cause to go to the ant with a vengeance.

We all know that a score of anthraps thrown up on a midsummer lawn can be unsightly and injure the blades of the mower, but what of the farmer in whose pastures ants seem to such an extent that their heaps of earth thrown

up from below spoil the feed of browsing animals dependent on the grass?

It may have happened often before, but so far as we know the present is the first time ants have come into print as enemies of the cultivator. And enemies they have proved, to such an extent that farmers have had to attack them with machines that clear the heap and crush the source of the mischief, the ant fortress hidden under the damaged turf.

The ants are a people not strong, says Solomon, but the farmers find them so.

## DAVID DALE AND HIS COTTON MILLS

### Scotland Remembers

Scotland has been remembering with pride this month the birth 200 years ago of one of her sons, in the vanguard of those who brought great prosperity to her land.

This famous man was David Dale, who opened his eyes in a humble grocer's shop at Stewarton in Ayrshire. When he closed them for the last time in the year after Trafalgar his friends estimated that he had devoted as much as £100,000 towards alleviating the sufferings of the war and industrial changes had brought to his poorer neighbours.

With only a little schooling David was sent into the fields of neighbouring farmers to herd cattle. He next served an apprenticeship with a Paisley weaver, and at 24, after tramping round the farms to buy homespun yarns for Glasgow market, he became a silk-mercer's clerk in that city.

#### A Walk With Arkwright

Soon, however, in partnership with a friend, he was conducting his own business in High Street, and with such success that he was able to buy a flax mill in Bute and convert it into the first cotton-spinning mill in Scotland. This was in 1778, and five years later Richard Arkwright, having secured his famous patents for a time, went to see him.

With much to talk about, these two pioneers took a country walk to see the Falls of the Clyde. "What a source of power for our new machinery!" exclaimed the man from Manchester, and before he returned across the border arrangements were made for Dale to find the money for a mill there (at New Lanark), while Arkwright was to arrange for the machinery. Thus arose the first cotton mill in Scotland with a water-mill to drive its machines.

#### The Old Independents

Dale had not much difficulty in doing his share, for he had recently been made agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland, his shop in the High Street being that bank's first branch in Glasgow. Six years before Dale had married the daughter of the bank's cashier, and some of their ten children had already arrived, and were marching off on Sundays to hear their father preach, for David Dale had helped to form a non-conformist church known as the Old Independents, which had an unpaid ministry, and to the end of his days he was their chief pastor.

Charity rather than gain led to his introduction of workhouse children into the mills he built at New Lanark, where a visitor in 1796 declared that it ought to be engraved in letters of gold that of nearly 3000 children working in the mills during twelve years only 14 had died, and not one suffered punishment as a criminal! Dale housed his child workers properly, and had them taught as well—a rare thing in those cruel days for children.

#### A Philanthropic Man

He, of course, became very rich, and when Robert Owen went north to buy and manage his mill he married Dale's daughter, who helped him in the great cooperative experiment for which his name is best known.

As for David Dale, he retired to spend the last five years of his life in studying the Bible in Hebrew and Greek, financing its translation into Hindustani, and buying cargoes of food to distribute to the poor in the years of deepest poverty.

Philanthropy was ever part of his make-up, for when one of his first mills was burned down and he found his workers bemoaning their loss of employment he said, Aweel, aweel, it's but world's gear; let it gang. You've helped me to muckle silver, and I can spend some of it in taking care of you till the mill's built again. He kept his promise with £2000 in wages.



## BETTER BREAD FOR GERMANY

### Last Year's Good Harvest

Germany's fine harvest in 1938 enables her to improve her bread.

In the last corn year both wheat flour and rye flour had to be mixed with other meals to make the crops go round.

Now wheat flour need no longer be adulterated with 7 per cent of maize flour, and rye flour is to have the adulteration with potato flour reduced from 3 to 2 per cent.

Let us never forget that many continental nations do not possess our advantages in having an export trade big enough to afford a constant and big supply of imports.

The fact may serve to remind us that our export trade always needs serious attention. In a year we import over £1,000,000,000 worth of food and materials, and unless we can sustain an enormous export trade to pay for sea-borne supplies we should have to adulterate our bread. We pay for imports in three ways:

1. By exporting goods
2. By carrying with our ships
3. By international finance

All these methods are threatened by various world developments, and each of them demands the Government's attention, for changes in our time are swift, even sudden.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the School Broadcast programmes for next week.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Leguminous Plants: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lesson—Dance Music of Long Ago: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Shipwreck. 2.30 Dramatic Reading—John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Aria Form; Flute: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—Charlemagne: by E. A. Craddock. 2.30 Biology—Why Eggs Start to Develop: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 What the Rain Does—Soil Erosion: by C. D. Forde. 2.5 How we take care of the Wild Birds: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—Sir Philip Sidney: by Ruth Field.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—The River Ganges: by F. McDermott. 2.45 Junior English—A True Story: Jean Juppille, the Brave Shepherd Boy. 3.10 Hark, what's that? Sounds in everyday life. 3.35 Notable Women (II)—Florence Nightingale.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Commercial Traveller: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Use your Tongue: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—Blood and Iron: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Words for Tunes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature's Changing Dress: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Market Day in an Old Scottish Town: by E. Boog Watson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—Australia (I, How a Great City Grew): by K. H. Huggins. 2.45 As National.

## The Knife-Grinder

Hull's Museum of Transport has received an unusual gift recently. It is a knife-grinding machine over 80 years old. Given by Signor Ronato Tomassi, the city's only Italian knife-grinder, it has been pushed through Italy, France, Switzerland, and England by four generations of Tomassini, and millions of knives have been sharpened on its revolving stones. *Picture on page 9*

## THE GREAT NEWS 100 YEARS AGO

### Pioneers of Photography

## THE AGE OF COLOUR

ALMOST everybody is a photographer today, but a hundred years ago those who practised this delightful science could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

This month is actually the centenary of the public announcement in Paris and London of the fact that portraits and views had been recorded by the means of light and chemicals.

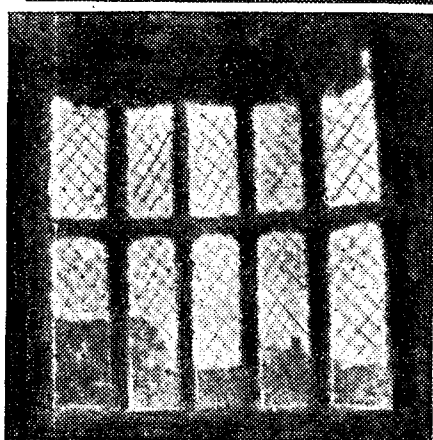
It was on January 7, 1839, that Arago described to the French Academy of Sciences the process invented by Louis Daguerre, and on January 25 Michael Faraday gave at the Royal Institution a brief description of William Fox Talbot's invention of "photogenic drawing," while on the last day of that month Talbot himself supplied a fuller account to the Royal Society.

There were, of course, other men who contributed to the discovery and perfection of photography, and their work can be seen during the next two or three months at a centenary exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The German chemist Schultze in 1727, and Thomas Wedgwood in 1790, had discovered the effect of light on silver nitrate, but it was not until last century

form of prints. He took them on sheets of oil paper treated with nitrate of silver. The image was fixed on a material through which light would shine, so that, by placing a second sheet of prepared paper beneath it and exposing both for a few minutes to the sun, he could obtain a duplicate. He thus made the new



W. H. Fox Talbot



Fox Talbot's photograph through the window from a print in the Science Museum, South Kensington

that the French scientist Niépce made the first negative. He went into partnership with the painter Daguerre, who succeeded 102 years ago in converting the negative's result into a positive picture, though even then the view was reversed.

Fox Talbot, however, had been experimenting in his quiet home at beautiful Lacock Abbey in Wiltshire, and in 1835 had made his first negative through one of the small oriel windows there. He then succeeded in discovering a process by which not one positive but many could be got from his negative.

Talbot's triumph, in fact, lay in the duplication of his photograph in the

Lacock Abbey in Wiltshire—It was through the small window between the two larger windows that the photograph on the left was taken

science a commercial proposition. The glass negative dates from 1847.

Adopting a fixative perfected by Daguerre, and making other rapid improvements, Talbot made such good progress that he was able to publish in serial form between 1844 and 1846 the first book illustrated entirely by photographs. Though he patented his inventions, he afterwards gave most of them to the world, and at South Kensington we can see not only Talbot's own early photographs but those by the clever people who adopted his methods.

French scientists greatly admired Talbot, although he had outrun their own Daguerre and his invention, for they presented him with a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. A brilliant mathematician and an astronomer of repute as well as our first photographer, Talbot died, full of honours, in 1877.

As we write this there come to our desk two colour photographs printed on paper as they are being printed daily from amateur snapshots in America. They are excellent, and a crowning achievement worthy to celebrate the hundredth year of photography. They are printed by the Dufaycolour process, and prove clearly that the Age of Colour in photography has at last arrived. All that is wanted now is the thing that always comes—cheapness.

## TURNING NATURE UPSIDE DOWN

### New Time-Table for Flowers and Fruits

Chrysanthemums in the spring and pumpkins in July are possibilities suggested by the work of Dr Karl C. Hamner of the University of Chicago, whose experiments lead to proof of existence of a substance affecting the blooming period of plants and trees.

Dr Hamner experimented upon what he calls "photo-periodism," the known relation between the blooming period of a plant and the length of the day at the time of blooming.

Practically the experiments clear the way to controlling the blooming period, increasing yield of fruit trees, and shortening the breeding period to stimulate better horticultural products.

Experimenting for two years, Dr Hamner has discovered that when stimulated by light for a proper period some substance in plants is activated and directly identified with the blooming of the plant.

With the existence of this substance demonstrated, the way is cleared to isolate and analyse it so that it can be produced in quantities. From the housewife's and flower-lover's standpoint this means that many costly "out-of-season" growths will become available all the year round.

By the use of this process it would be possible to bring an apple tree to fruiting in one year, for example, as compared with the average natural fruiting period of eight years, so that the evolution of new varieties may be achieved very much quicker than now.

The production of potato seed in this manner has already been demonstrated. Through application of the principles discovered at Chicago University Government experimenters in the last two years have produced more potato seed than in 15 years of previous effort.

## Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 70 the two neatest and correct entries were sent in by Edna Arthur, Killurin, 2 Orchard Crescent, Edinburgh; and William Baird, 3 Greenbank Avenue, Heaton Mersey, Manchester. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Jean Abbott,\* Okehampton; Margaret Badrock, Bolton; Daphne Dennis, Clapham; Mavis Meudell Disley, Liverpool; John Dunning, North Harrow; Angela Fazey, Windsor; John Foster, Parkstone; Alys Gibbs, Wiltshire, near Blackburn; Ruth Marjory Gleave, Birkenhead; Margaret Hastings,\* Birmingham; Jean Holt, Neath; Marie Johnson,\* Ashford; Gwenda Jones, Narberth; Gwenllian Jones, Harpenden; Margaret Lloyd, Dolgellau; Mary Lucas, Portsmouth; John Lynham, West Drayton; Marian Marsh, Bury St Edmunds; John Noonan, Liverpool; Grace Roberts,\* New Cross; Jean Sloan, Glasgow; Hilary Smith,\* Birmingham; Olive Stewart, Dumfries; Lois Whitaker, Carlisle; Margaret Whitlam, Andover.

The correct answers were:

Agile as a monkey. Bold as a lion. Impenetrable as a rhinoceros. Ferocious as a tiger. Merry as a kitten. Enduring as a camel. Blind as a bat. Giddy as a goat. Quiet as a mouse. Shy as a squirrel.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded an extra 2s 6d.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of January 1914

**A Centenarian.** A bird has been exhibited in London which was said to be 100 years old. It is a parakeet, one of a family of very long-lived birds.

It is healthy and vigorous in spite of its years, but its difficulties in keeping its plumage in good condition becomes more marked as age advances. Birds and animals show evidences of age, as human beings do. The teeth wear down, and birds have increasing trouble with successive moults. This old parakeet no longer has the power to produce the scaly powder which plays an important part in the preservation of its feathers.



## THE MUSEUM OF BOOTS

Ludwig Schmidt's family have been shoemakers in Vienna longer than the oldest of them can remember. Today in four sunny rooms in Ludwig's house is a unique museum of the boots made by these craftsmen.

Very exciting it is to see the materials from which skilful fingers have fashioned boots and shoes throughout the ages. There are Persian boots made of an entrancing shade of green shark's leather which contrast strangely with a colossal pair of boots weighing about 15 pounds that were worn by a Prussian Grenadier 200 years ago. A daintily-made little shoe which once graced the foot of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria has beside it a pair of hunting boots belonging to the late Emperor Francis Joseph.

## YORK MINSTER'S WHITE WALLS

So much progress has been made in the work of scrubbing and cleaning the fabric of York Minster that much of the north transept now reveals its original colour, a beautiful whiteness, a wonderful surprise to all who have hitherto been used to seeing it covered with the dust and grime of the centuries.

## THE ASIATIC LILY

It has long been said by botanists that the lily is never found in south-east Asia, but it seems that this can no longer be said.

Captain Kingdon Ward, the famous Himalayan flower-hunter who has been spending six months among the highest mountains in the world, has been writing to say that he found magnificent lilies on his last expedition. A new species of lily is a remarkable discovery, but Captain Ward hopes to be able to astonish the experts by his examples of a beautiful plant with splendid blooms four inches long. His bag also includes over 30 species of rhododendron and more than a score of primulas.

## THE OTHER HALF OF THE WORLD

It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and this story goes to show that many of us have no idea how ignorant some people are of what seems to us to be commonplace experience.

In a north of England town a family of father, mother, two daughters, and a son, moved out of a derelict cottage into a neat little council house with two rooms and a scullery downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. A week or two after they had taken possession an official called to make sure that all was well. "And how do you like your new home?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the mother, "very nicely, thank you; but when are the upstairs people moving in?"

## ROARING AND CROWING

The Italian citizens of Messina are no longer scared out of their lives when they hear a lion roaring in the middle of the town. They know it is only the little joke their new clock is playing on them. At noon the clock's lion (12 feet long) roars its head off, and at sunset and sunrise a cock six feet high crows.

## The Little People in the Little House

TOWARDS the end of last year the C N reported the discovery at Chungking in China of two dolls' houses in an ancient tomb. We stated that this tomb was being carefully examined by Dr. David Graham, Curator of the Museum of the West China Union University.

Dr Graham has kindly written to us asking us to give our readers more information about his fascinating discovery, and to make it clear that it was no doll's house that he found, but something much more interesting.

These miniature houses, complete with their small figures, were models placed in the tomb as an assurance that the spirits of the departed should have proper abodes, and the so-called dolls were placed within to be their servants. It is, indeed, the story of the tombs

of the Egyptians over again in this remote part of Asia. Dr Graham reminds us of the sad fact that hundreds of years ago servants and animals were sometimes buried with their master so that he might have his needs attended to in the spirit world. Later, he adds, there came the more humane practice of making clay images, which were placed in the tomb; and nowadays the custom is to burn paper figures—houses, servants, money, sedan-chairs, motor-cars, and so on. In the Han Dynasty (roughly from 200 B C to 200 A D), to which these tombs belong, clay figures were used instead of human beings.

Dr Graham concludes his letter to us with the news that these valuable finds were all left in the Methodist Boys School at Chungking, on whose grounds the graves were found.

## THE BIG MAP

A gigantic map is being made on the other side of the Atlantic, the whole 3,000,000 square miles of the United States being photographed.

Never before has a map been made on such a scale. Every day 40 or 50 aeroplanes take hundreds of pictures with the very latest cameras, and when the great work is finished the map will show every little town, meadow, house, brook, and valley that go to make up this vast country.

## JUNE ROSES IN DECEMBER

At Edware is an ingenious man who is canning roses.

For several years he has been experimenting to find the best way of preserving the flowers, so that roses may be worn as buttonholes not only in December, but in the first two or three months of the year. At present it has been found difficult to can roses in a really satisfactory way, but the difficulties are being overcome, and it is now possible to exhibit June roses in December, though the fragrance passes long before the beauty of the petals.

## A LIGHTHOUSE IN MEMORY OF A BOY

The United States Government is now building a lighthouse on Jarvis Island, Pacific Ocean, in memory of a Hawaiian boy who had been living on the island in the name of the United States.

He was Carl Kahalewai, a member of a band of aviation pioneers who, during a dispute between the American and British Governments regarding the ownership of the islands of Canton, Jarvis, and Enderbury, represented the claims of America. So faithfully did they uphold these claims that a compromise was reached, under which the islands are to be jointly occupied by Americans and New Zealanders.

Carl died on Jarvis Island of appendicitis before a rescue ship with a doctor could reach him.

## THE BROKEN WINDOW

A shopkeeper in New Brunswick is telling his customers this little story with a moral.

Just before closing time the other night a stone came crashing through his shop window, and as he rushed to the door to see who had thrown it he saw four lads racing down the street; they were too far away for him to recognise them.

The next morning, when the broken panes were being mended, the shopkeeper noticed four boys in deep discussion outside his shop. They seemed to be drawing lots, and after a while they came hesitatingly in and one of them, taking a deep breath, said, "We're very sorry, but we broke your window by accident last night, and we've come to pay for it."

The shopkeeper was so pleased that he sent them away with their pockets bulging with sweets.

## IF

A visitor to the north of England is reported to have been discussing sheep with a Cheviot farmer. "It is silly of sheep to go up the hillside at night," he declared; "if I were a sheep I'd be inclined to come down to the shelter of the farm."

"Aye, you may think so," retorted the farmer; "but if you were a sheep you'd have more sense."

## LADY TWEEDSMUIR'S TINY ROOM

For an hour or two every morning the charming wife of Canada's Governor-General may be found in a little room in Government House, Ottawa, busy at work on her Prairie Library Scheme.

For three years books and magazines have been coming into this tiny room, where they are sorted, packed up, and sent away to give joy to thousands of homes in remote parts of western Canada. Lady Tweedsmuir is now concentrating on the Peace River district, where many of the settlers are going through difficult times.

## THE NIBBLER

We have all heard of tea tasters, but who has ever heard of a man who tastes gum leaves?

He is a very important person at Sydney's Koala Park, for without him the little native bears wouldn't get anything to eat. These attractive creatures are fussy about their food and can only eat one kind out of every hundred kinds of gum leaves. So this man has to nibble and nibble to find out just which leaves will please his charges!

## WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY

New Zealand rats and mice are having a fine time in Wellington just now, the reason being that there is a serious shortage of their feline foes. Thousands of cats have succumbed to influenza, and the R S P C A has a lengthy waiting list of people wanting kittens.

## BABY JOAN

Six years ago a five-day-old girl was found abandoned in Chicago. Life was going to be hard for the poor little mite, for she was blind and deaf.

For three years her home was in a hospital, and then little Joan Higgins, as she was called, became a ward of the State and passed under the instruction of Dr Robert Gault, the director of the American Institute for the Deaf, who spent two years teaching her a spoken vocabulary of nearly a hundred words. Today Joan is learning Braille, and a new life is gradually opening for her.

## 8 MANGO AVENUE

A town in Florida has had the lovely idea of naming its streets after tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers.

It is West Palm Beach, and here are some of the delightful names: Gardenia, Hibiscus, Jessamine, Poinsettia, Narcissus, Camellia, Coconut, Eucalyptus, Mango, Quince, and Spruce Streets.

## A BUCKETFUL OF LOVELY STONES

A C N reader whose home is in Northern Queensland has just had the most profitable holiday anyone could possibly have.

She went inland to the remote Etheridge goldfields, and has brought home with her a box full of precious and semi-precious stones which she picked up. There are only three trains a week to this part of the country, which explains why there are still jewels to be had for the taking.

Garnets, rubies, beryl, agate, and malachite are all found in the sandy beds of the rivers. Though at first glance they are water-worn and uninteresting, when they are chipped their true quality comes to light. When they are cut and polished they make beautiful inlays, and lovely rings and bracelets. Anyone, we are told, can pick up a bucketful of agate pebbles in a day.

## 2000 MINNOWS

A great battle has been going on at Brookline, Massachusetts. There was such a terrible plague of mosquitoes that 2000 minnows were flown 963 miles by air from Georgia to feast on the larvae of the unwelcome visitors.

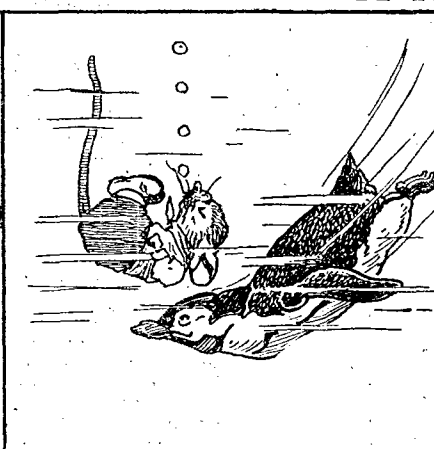
## The Rescue



A gale carries the sail away



Help! Help!



Old Man penguin dives to the rescue

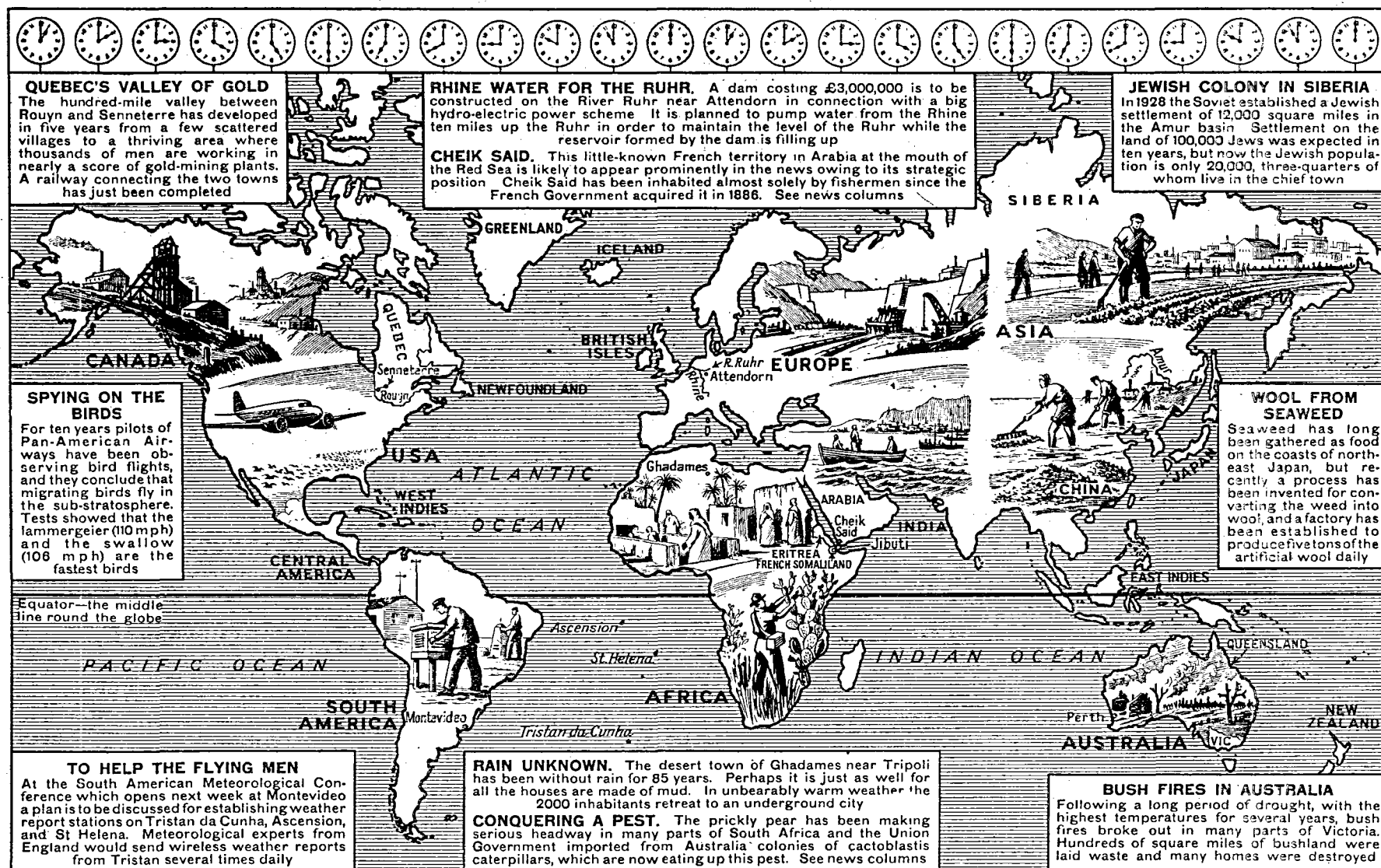
## A Harry Rountree Strip



And takes Tiny Tim home safely



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## CACTOBLASTIS

### Passing on a Parasite

South Africa has to thank Australia for the gift of one of the world's most useful parasites, the cactoblastis.

This strangely named caterpillar (or moth), with the still longer name of cactoblastis cactorum, preys on cactus plants. Queensland has been overrun for many years by the prickly pear, which is a kind of cactus, and millions of acres have been covered by it and put out of cultivation.

It is said that the pest grew out of a few such cactus plants introduced by a Queensland admirer and for a time carefully preserved by a Government official. Someone was once severely reprimanded for failing to water them.

So the story goes, but the prickly pear went farther and did worse. Queensland could not get rid of it as it spread and spread. Burning, digging, spraying with poison, all failed to stem it. Then someone thought of the cactoblastis, and the cactoblastis got to work. It was nurtured by the Government in colonies, and gradually it has eaten the prickly pear out of existence. The lost pastures of Queensland are looking up again.

South Africa, which had its own prickly pear menace, heard what the cactoblastis had done and asked Australia about it. Australia responded by sending to its fellow Dominion across the ocean colonies of the prickly pear destroyer.

South Africa gave thanks for the gift, and is now repeating them with renewed gratitude, because the cactoblastis is carrying on the good work with ardour and success. The cactoblastis colonies are increasing. There are now 460 of them in the field, and the prickly pear is rapidly being levelled to the dust.

See World Map

Though America's farm population is less than 30 per cent of the nation it includes 35 per cent of the children.

## High Flying Saves a Child

Humane consideration for a baby passenger shown by the pilots of two commercial aeroplanes has saved the life of a baby in Australia.

Country towns in Western Australia, as in other parts of the Commonwealth, have been suffering from a heat wave, and one of the places most affected was a mining town at Wiluna, where for several weeks the temperature rose to over a hundred degrees without a cool break. The average temperature was 106.

Trying as this proved for grown-ups, it was almost fatal to a baby four months old, whose parents had recently arrived in Wiluna. The only hope of saving the baby was to get him to the cooler climate on the coast.

Fortunately Australia is air-minded, and a regular air service links the out-back mining towns with the coast. The mother and her baby boarded the next plane, and the pilot, hearing of the child's sickness, took the plane to an exceptionally high altitude to take advantage of the cooler temperature. Almost immediately the child started to revive. At Kalgoorlie a connection was made with the regular trans-continental mail plane, and the pilot of that machine in turn flew high for the rest of the journey to Perth. On the way the baby received attention from the air hostess, who was a trained nurse, and an ambulance was waiting on the aerodrome to meet the plane and take the sick child to hospital, where he is reported to be much improved.

## Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 2'67 ins.	Falmouth . . . 4'84 ins.
Sunshine . . . 59 hrs.	Birm'ham . . . 4'40 ins.
Dry days . . . 9	Aberdeen . . . 3'81 ins.
Days with rain . . . 22	Tynemouth . . . 3'26 ins.
Warmest day . . . 5th	Chester . . . 3'07 ins.
Wettest day . . . 16th	South'pton . . . 2'79 ins.
Coldest day . . . 20th	Gorleston . . . 2'04 ins.

## A Little-Known Land in the News

It is reported that some of the Senegalese who have been sent east by the French have landed at Cheik Said in Arabia.

It must have come as a surprise to many schoolboys, and to teachers as well, to learn that France owns any territory in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea besides French Somaliland, of which Jibuti is the port; yet on the Arabian coast of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb lies a territory of 600 square miles which was acquired by French traders in 1868 and taken over by the French Government in 1886.

Of volcanic origin (like the British island of Perim close by), Cheik Said was visited by military officers with a view to fortifying it last century, but the cost of transforming this area, on the narrowest part of the entrance to the Red Sea, into a French Gibraltar was thought not worth while, especially as it could be threatened by the guns of the Turks, who then owned the neighbouring land.

So the French practically left this little territory to the Arab fishermen, who have continued to ply their trade here, looking up from time to time to watch the world's ships on their way from the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea and Suez.

See World Map

## The Road With 100 Legs

Stockport's centipede road will soon be ready for traffic.

This road, which runs for a quarter of a mile through the most congested part of the town, is surely one of the strangest in the country; it is literally a lid on the River Mersey, and is carried on a hundred legs.

The River Mersey Road, as it will be called, is the result of covering the river in, and it is just two and a half years since the work began.

## THE VOICE OF REASON FROM THE NORTH

### What Scandinavia Wants

The four Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland, have recently combined forces to study their economic situation.

The book containing their findings is called *The Northern Countries in World Economy*. Their prosperity, they plainly see, depends on trade. If Scandinavians are to be reduced to living entirely on the products of their own lands, as they one day may be if present tendencies continue, they can live, but not in the comfort they now enjoy. They remind us of the benefits to mankind of an international division of labour, where a country with the right climate for wheat grows wheat and the one producing cocoa easily grows cocoa, and they exchange. The idea of economic autarchy, or self-sufficiency, so much admired by the Dictator States, means economic starvation for such countries as these. They look back with longing upon the freer trade policy of the last century, speaking of it as a valuable inheritance, but one that we valued too lightly.

It is a heartening sight to see four countries with common interests taking common action in this way. It is by such small, practical steps that we may, if we are wise, one day achieve a Commonwealth of States.

## Order For Nazi Hens

It is not much fun being a hen in Germany today, for the order has gone forth that all Nazi hens must lay 140 eggs a year instead of 80 or 90.

There is an acute shortage of chicken food, so that the chicken farmers will not be able to coax their charges with more food. However, it is expected that the hens, like all good Germans, will rally and do their best.



# A NIGHT ALARM

By  
Harold Avery

## CHAPTER 1 The Nine O'Clock SOS

MARTIN QUILTER pushed his chair back from the supper table, then, as his glance fell on the lad seated opposite to him, his stern expression softened with the ghost of a smile. "A penny for your thoughts," he offered.

"I'm afraid they aren't worth it, Uncle," laughed Frank Jarvin.

He did not like to put into words the question which had come into his mind. He was wondering what there could possibly be in this little bungalow which made it unsafe for anyone to live there alone. Glancing at his watch, he compared it with a small travelling clock which stood on the mantelpiece.

"Your Aunt Helen gave me that clock years ago, as a birthday present," said Mr Quilter. "I didn't like to part with it because it was her gift—dear Helen."

The tone in which the last few words were spoken showed that, though he had chosen to cut himself off from the world and live as a recluse, Martin Quilter's love for his sister still remained unchanged. Two years ago his wife had died, and it almost seemed as if this heavy blow had upset the balance of his mind. He had sold his home and its contents, keeping only the few things needed to furnish a small bungalow four miles from Wenbridge, the nearest town.

"Aunt Helen came to see me early in the spring and stayed the night," he continued, rising from the table and taking a tobacco pouch from his pocket. "Shrief, the man-of-all-work I had with me then, slept on a camp bed we rigged up in the shed where you've put your bicycle. Helen wanted me to come and live with her, but I prefer to stay put, as the saying goes."

Frank smiled as he remembered how, two months ago, when she was visiting his parents, he had told Aunt Helen of the cycling tour he meant to make in his holidays, and she had coaxed him into promising that he would spend a night with Uncle Martin.

"Have you got a match?" asked Mr Quilter. "What's that?" he added, as his nephew, fumbling for a match-box, drew something else out of his pocket.

"It's my fishing line and reel."

"That man Shrief was a keen fisherman. He was a good servant, but I was obliged to get rid of him."

"Why was that, Uncle?"

"He began to take liberties, and I could never be sure he was quite honest. Since then I've arranged with a Mrs Mitchel to come in every day and do the housework. Hullo—who's that, I wonder?"

As a loud knocking came at the front door he strode out of the room, leaving the door half open. From the murmur of conversation which reached his ear Frank could tell that a man was speaking; but it was not until the visitor raised his voice, when about to leave, that his words became audible.

"Very pleased to be of any service. Be as quick as you can—we shan't have too much time."

There was a clatter of footsteps on the tiled paving of the passage, and Mr Quilter stumbled into the room.

"It's your Aunt Helen. She's met with an accident which may prove fatal."

"But how do you know?"

"That gentleman who called has just told me. His name is Gaston, and it appears he is a friend of Major Fernly, who lives at Chand Hall. The nine o'clock wireless gave an SOS for 'Martin Quilter now living in the neighbourhood of Wenbridge.' I was asked to go at once to the General Hospital, Surgate, where my sister Helen was lying dangerously ill. Major Fernly knows I haven't a wireless, so his friend very kindly offered to bring the message."

"But you can't get to Surgate tonight."

"Mr Gaston is going to run me over in his car. There's just time for me to catch the mail train."

Mr Quilter rushed to his bedroom to put a few things in a handbag; and it was not until he was on the point of leaving the bungalow that his thoughts turned to his nephew.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you here by yourself," he said hurriedly. "But it can't be helped, and you'll be all right. Mrs Mitchel will get your breakfast in the morning, and you can leave the key with her when you go. There's a bed made up for you in the room across the passage—it's small, but adequate."

Uncle Martin opened the front door and stepped out into the darkness. Mr Gaston's car was hidden by a high hedge. Frank waited till he heard the engine start, then retraced his steps to the room in which he had had supper. His thoughts kept turning to Aunt Helen, and for the second time that night there came back to his mind something he had chanced to hear her say when talking to his mother about Uncle Martin. "I told him I didn't think it was safe to keep such a thing in that bungalow when he's living there alone."

"I wonder what she meant by that?" Frank pondered.

He glanced round the room, and for the first time began to find the deathlike stillness of the house becoming oppressive.

## CHAPTER 2 Frank Begins to Wonder

SUDDENLY the silence was broken by a knocking, which, though not loud, made the boy jump. Getting up from his chair, he walked to the front door.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at this time, sir," said a woman whom he guessed was Mrs Mitchel. "I wanted to ask Mr Quilter if he would mind me coming a bit earlier in the morning so that I can get forward with the work, as I've got a friend coming to see me in the afternoon. If I had the key of the back door I could let myself in and so save either of you having to get out of bed."

"Oh, yes, you can have the key, but my uncle has been called away," replied Frank, and went on to give a brief account of the broadcast message.

"Well, that's very queer," murmured Mrs Mitchel.

"What d'you mean?"

"Why, sir, we've got a wireless set at our cottage. Tom and I listened to the nine o'clock news, but there was no SOS for Mr Quilter. I'm sure there wasn't."

"You may have missed it," smiled Frank. "Anyway, Major Fernly and his friend must have heard it, or this Mr Gaston wouldn't have come along with his car."

He fetched the back-door key, wished Mrs Mitchel good-night, then returned to

the back sitting-room and stood for a moment undecided whether to stay up any longer or go to bed.

"As I'm to be up early I'd better turn in. I'll just have a look round and see the windows are all fastened."

He lit a candle and began a tour of inspection. Beyond a tiny kitchen and pantry there were only four rooms for him to visit, all so meagrely furnished that it might have been supposed the owner was a poor man instead of comparatively wealthy. Two armchairs and an old-fashioned bureau in the front parlour seemed the only things he had brought from his old home which were worth the cost of carriage. Once more the boy wondered why any one of Uncle Martin's few possessions should have got on Aunt Helen's nerves, and the question was still in his mind as he undressed and got into bed.

From an absurd dream that he was trying to make a wireless aerial for Uncle Martin with his fishing line he awoke, and lay for a few moments wondering at what time Mr Quilter would reach Surgate. Suddenly he raised his head from the pillow with a jerk.

"What was that?" he gasped.

The silence of the night had been broken by a thud and crash as if some heavy piece of furniture had been overturned; there was a faint tinkling sound like that of a coin falling on a stone pavement, then all was quiet again.

"What on earth made that row?"

For a few seconds Frank hesitated, then he scrambled out of bed and crossed the floor of his room. He opened the door, and was about to step out into the passage when he stopped.

"Look here, Shrief, next time you go housebreaking have the sense to bring a jemmy with you."

"Oh, I knew the front door would give if I flung my whole weight against it."

Frank stood holding his breath. He recognised the first voice as being that of Gaston, the man who had brought the SOS, and his companion was evidently Uncle Martin's former servant. The loud tones in which they had spoken showed that they fancied there was no one there but themselves.

"What I can't understand is how the door came to be locked on the inside," said Shrief. "You'd have thought he'd have

taken the key with him, but I heard it fall on the tiles. Wait a mo'—I'll get a light."

The speaker stepped into the front parlour, struck a match, and returned with a brass candlestick which he had taken from the mantelpiece. He picked up the key, and the thought flashed into Frank's mind that in another moment the two men must guess that there was someone else in the house.

"I expect he let himself out by the back door," said Gaston. "Come on, we'll have a look."

Quick as thought Frank stepped back into the bedroom and flattened himself against the wall. The two men passed his door and entered the kitchen.

"There you are," Gaston could be heard saying. "Door's locked, and he's taken the key with him."

There was another five seconds of nerve-racking suspense as the men left the kitchen and returned to the front parlour. From it came the murmur of their voices, interrupted once by a sharp crack as if something had been broken. Treading noiselessly with his bare feet, and determined to know what the men were doing, Frank crept along the passage, and reaching the parlour took one quick peep through its open door. The next instant he drew back his head, but he had seen enough to enable him to understand what followed. The bottom drawer of the old bureau had been forced open, and from it Shrief had taken a brown paper parcel, which he placed on the table. The wrapper was removed from what proved to be a lady's jewel-case. It was open, and the two men gazed with greedy eyes at its contents.

"They belonged to his wife, which is why he kept them. They must be worth a pot of money," said Shrief.

Frank boiled with rage; the whole plot was as clear to him as daylight. That SOS was a cruel hoax intended to get Martin Quilter out of the house.

"Wrap them up, and let's be off," muttered Gaston.

"There's no hurry," replied Shrief. "Here's the old man's box of cigarettes. Light up and make yourself at home."

Single-handed Frank was no match for two men. He crept back to his bedroom, intending to get out of the window and run to the nearest cottage; then he realised that before he could hope to rouse Tom Mitchel and get him to come back to the bungalow the thieves would be gone. He had perhaps ten minutes in which to act, but what could he do? For five seconds he stood motionless, his mind fired with a sudden idea.

It was worth trying anyhow.

## CHAPTER 3 The Trick Works

As the result of an exchange of telegrams Frank had decided to stay another day at the bungalow, awaiting his uncle's return by a train which reached Wenbridge in the late afternoon.

"What put the idea into your head?" asked Martin Quilter, when Frank had finished his story.

"I suppose it was that I remembered I had that fishing reel in my pocket," replied the boy with a laugh.

"Well?" queried Uncle Martin.

"I wanted to get them both out of that front room," began Frank. "I unwound most of my line and passed it through the handle of a cup which was standing on the kitchen table. I took this double cord with me when I climbed out of my bedroom window, gave it a pull, and as soon as I heard the crash when the cup was dragged off the table I let go one end of the line and reeled in the whole length, so there was nothing left to show how the trick was done."

"And then?"

"I scooted round to the front door, which those chaps had left half open. They did just what I'd hoped and expected they would, went to see what made the noise; and while they were trying to decide what could have made the cup roll off the table I hopped in through the front door and collared the jewel-case. I was safely out of the house and hidden in the darkness before they discovered their loss. I heard them make a dash for their car; it's likely they thought some other rascal had stolen a march on them, and they might overtake him on the road."

"So, like me, they had their journey for nothing," said Mr Quilter with a grim smile. "However, Aunt Helen was glad to see me, and she has persuaded me to go and stay with her in the autumn."

"As for you, Frank," the speaker continued, "You deserve a medal; but you shall have something more useful. As soon as you are old enough to ride one I'm going to give you a motor-cycle."

## JACKO FINDS LIFE DULL

JACKO was finding life a bit dull. Christmas was over, and, with the coming of the great thaw, so was the snow and all its thrills.

There was always football, of course, but that morning his mother had kept him indoors to help her. Baby had got one of his bad colds, and with Father Jacko also at home with a chill the poor woman had her hands pretty full.



Jacko gave a great jump

Jacko didn't seem to mind.

"What shall I do first?" he asked cheerfully.

"You can look after your father," replied Mother Jacko.

So Jacko dutifully settled "the Pater" in his corner in the parlour, with his newspaper and his pipe and his glasses, and made up the fire like a furnace. Then he went off to find a dustpan and a brush, with which he proceeded to sweep the stairs.

"That's a good lad," praised his mother, popping her head out of the

kitchen. "When you're finished, dear, could you run to the shed and bring in a few logs?"

Jacko could and did. And while he was in the shed his eyes fell on a couple of old iron springs.

"Coo!" he murmured. "Now I wonder where they came from?"

He picked them up and examined them. What could he do with them?

Meanwhile his mother went on preparing the dinner. Presently she came out of the kitchen carrying a well-filled tray. As she came out of one door Jacko came in at another. The young rascal had tied the springs to the soles of his feet, and came hopping along at a great pace. "Look what I've got!" he cried, giving a jump.

It was nothing to what his mother got as they met!

Poor Mother Jacko! The shock was bad enough. But the sight of the broken crockery at her feet hurt her even more.



## Your Child's Life— Beyond the Price of Pennies



### There is danger in "saving" on Home Remedies— Ask Your Doctor

One point on which all doctors, nurses and child welfare experts agree is—Never give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.

All mothers know this, but not all practise it. Often the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes their caution.

So when your little one has an upset stomach, is sick and bilious, get 'Milk of Magnesia.' Then you can rest assured that you have the safest and best antacid that money can buy.

Prescribed by doctors and used by nurses, 'Milk of Magnesia' is the ideal preparation for a child. It sweetens a sour stomach in a few minutes. It cools the blood and gently regulates the bowels as nothing else can.

Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (Treble Size)  
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-,  
2/- and 3/6.

## 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

(Regd)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of  
Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

### A Book of Jolly Things Every Girl Can Knit!



How would you like to knit a lovely present for daddy, mummy or your school-chum? Well, even a very little girl can make a "pixie" hood for herself, a scarf or shawl, a "Dusky Sue" tea-cosy, and "Bunny" bedroom slippers, etc., with the help of this book.

## BESTWAY KNITTING BY YOUNG FOLK

Knitting Book No. 51

6d. at all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or 7d. post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Game in a Million  
for the Millions

# STAK-A-STIK

FUN COMBINED WITH SKILL • SPILLS AND THRILLS

CHILDREN LOVE IT  
GROWN-UPS ADORE IT

*It's the Very Latest Craze*

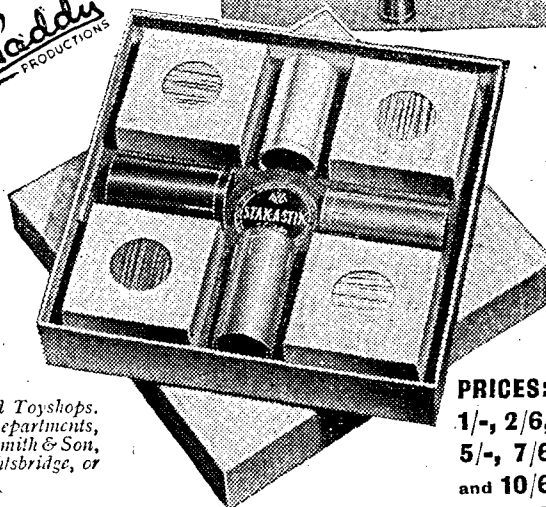
If you haven't played Stak-a-Stik yet you've missed one of the grandest games out. Take home a box today and gather round the fire-side with your friends and family, and watch their eyes glisten as you introduce them to this new thrill.

The stack illustrated here contains 7,000 sticks, and was built by a girl of 15, without any previous experience whatsoever. So you see what can be done! Any number of players can take part, and the game has many exciting variations.

"Stak-a-Stik" will make any party go with a swing. No more dull evenings when you have Stak-a-Stik in the house!

On Sale at all Stationers, Stores and Toyshops.  
Order from Boots Stationery Departments,  
Timothy White and Taylors, W.H. Smith & Son,  
Wyman & Sons, Harrods of Knightsbridge, or  
Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames.

Waddy  
PRODUCTIONS



PRICES:  
1/-, 2/6,  
5/-, 7/6  
and 10/6

## THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children)

### is Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

*"Eight Pounds a Day  
Just Pays Our Way"*

—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND!

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO—The Secretary,  
The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children,  
Hackney Road, E.2.

## MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!

# ELISABETH

Have high nutritive  
value—appetising  
and nourishing.



## How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine.'

Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained" and kept orderly, clean and sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid sprinkled on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed. Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer and look nicer. Thicker, more luxuriant hair will follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps to check falling hair, dissolves dandruff and gives dull, brittle hair new life and lustre.

Of Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

## 'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to:  
The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

## BREAKFAST-TIME

and breakfast do not always coincide in very poor homes in East London. Please help us to give 52,000 hungry children a good free breakfast this winter.

★ The cost is 3d. each. £1 pays for 80. ★  
R.S.V.P. to REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent,  
EAST END MISSION,  
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1

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should  
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 28, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### The Cod

AT weighing things the cod, I feel  
Quite certain, never fails.  
How can he, when you come to  
think?  
He always has his scales.

### Lather and Lava

WHAT would happen if a  
barber really did what a  
boy at school said he did? The  
boy was asked for a definition  
of lava, and he answered that  
it was the stuff which a barber  
put on a man's face when he  
was going to shave him.

### What Am I?

AN adverb often used am I:  
Join me to something borrowed  
And I'm a strip of water. Try  
To solve this if you've followed!  
*Answer next week*

### This Week in Nature

ON any fine sunny day at this  
time of the year some  
butterflies may be seen on  
the wing. A familiar one is the  
small tortoiseshell, which gets  
its name from the mottlings  
of black and chestnut-brown  
similar to that of tortoise-  
shell.

### What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 29. Edward III crowned 1327  
30. Walter Savage Landor  
born 1775  
31. Guy Fawkes executed 1606  
Feb. 1. George Cruikshank  
died 1878  
2. First United Kingdom Par-  
liament met 1801  
3. General Monk entered Lon-  
don 1660  
4. John Rogers burned at the  
stake 1555

### Ici on Parle Français



Un avion Le pilote Le nuage  
aeroplan pilot cloud

Je suis monté en avion. Le  
pilote a volé au travers d'un  
nuage et nous sommes sortis de  
l'autre côté.

I've been up in an aeroplane.  
The pilot flew through a cloud and  
we came out on the other side.

### Parodied Proverbs

A VERY good game that can  
be played in a room, in  
a garden, or in a train is  
known as Parodied Proverbs.  
A number of common pro-  
verbs are taken, and one is  
allotted to each player, whose  
duty it is to make a parody  
of it. The game is amusing  
and at the same time provides

scope for ingenuity. Here  
are two examples:

*A bird in the hand is worth  
two in the bush.  
A hair on the head is worth  
two in the brush.*

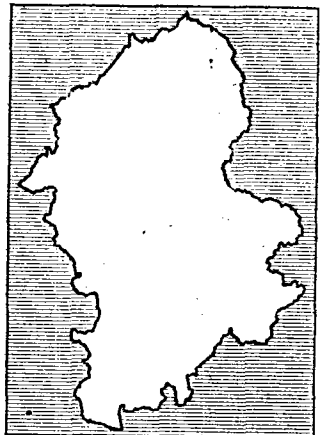
*One swallow does not make a  
summer.  
One swallow does not make a  
supper.*

In making the changes the  
new words should have some  
relation in sound to those re-  
placed.

### Striking

WHEN is a blow from a man  
pleasant? When he  
strikes you agreeably.

### Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of  
our county looks like. Do you  
know this one? *Answer next week*

### The Wonder of Figures

TAKE the number ten and  
multiply it by itself thus:  
 $10 \times 10 = 100$ . Now multi-  
ply 100 by itself and you  
get  $100 \times 100 = 10,000$ . Go  
on doing this twenty times,  
and how many figures do you  
think there will be in the  
answer? You will get tired  
long before you have finished,  
for the answer will be a one  
followed by over a million  
noughts—to be exact one with  
1,048,576 noughts after it.

### A Bright Idea

WHEN Grandpapa Rat  
Wants to tie his cravat  
And there isn't a mirror he soon  
Finds a way out of that  
(He's a clever old rat!).  
For he uses the back of a spoon!

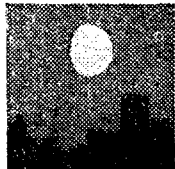
### Jumbled Shakespeare

IF the letters of the following  
word and phrases are  
placed in a different order  
they will spell the names of six  
prominent female characters  
in Shakespeare's plays.

O MAD NEEDS ALICE  
TIBER ACE MAN RAID  
RIO PAT NAIL RODS  
*Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the  
south-west, Saturn in the  
south, and Uranus in the  
south-east. In the morning  
Venus and Mars are in  
the south-east. The pic-  
ture shows the  
moon as it may be seen at eight  
pm on Monday, January 30.



### Truth Spoken in Jest

"THE rich," said a Dutchman  
on a visit to England,  
"eat venison because it ish  
deer, and I eat mutton because  
it ish sheep."

### The Basket of Eggs

RETURNING from the farm-  
yard with a basket, Dora  
said to her brother John:  
"Guess how many eggs I  
have here?"  
"Forty," ventured John.  
"No," returned Dora. "But  
if I had half as many again,  
plus half of that half, and then  
livemore, I should have forty."  
How many eggs were there  
in the basket? *Answer next week*

### A Useful Letter

WHICH letter of the alphabet  
is most useful to a deaf  
old lady? A: because it  
makes her hear.

### Pride Has a Fall



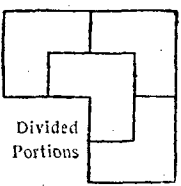
IT'S nice to keep one's self-esteem  
And show a proper pride:  
It's pretty hard to do, I deem,  
Should you step on a slide.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Behaved Word. Usage, sage, age  
Peter Puck's Fun Fair

What Words?—  
Continue; thun-  
dering; seething;  
groundwork.

The poet was  
Shelley—aSh-  
tray, cHair,  
nEwspaper,  
cLock, eLe-  
phant, cEiling,  
tYre.



Divided  
Portions

Reading Across. 1. Popular food  
fish. 4. Fabric with a velvet nap on one  
side. 8. A cushion. 11. A single thing.  
12. In this manner. 13. Yes. 14. Used  
for propelling a boat. 15. An imper-  
fection. 17. Sharp cry of pain. 19. To  
affect with pain. 21. Nothing. 22.  
Lodgings. 27. An egg provider. 28.  
Pertaining to us. 29. Royal Naval  
Reserve. 30. Myself. 31. Minced meat  
in a skin. 34. Doctor. 38. Male sheep.  
39. Boils slowly. 39. Popular beverage.  
40. To spatter with water. 41. Lets  
down.

Reading Down. 1. Another popular  
beverage. 2. Above and touching.  
3. To disfigure. 4. Hymn of praise.  
5. Of little height. 6. To speak. 7. An  
ugly carnivorous animal. 8. A corded  
fabric of silk. 9. Automobile Association.  
10. A water-course. 16. Maned  
beasts of the wild. 18. French measure  
of capacity. 20. A tiny rodent. 23. Of  
small value. 24. Entrance to a cave.  
25. To speak with slow utterance.  
29. Methodical arrangement. 30.  
Married lady's title. 32. Donkey.  
33. General Staff Officer. 35. Royal  
Astronomical Society. 37. Millilitre.  
39. Note in tonic solfa scale.

### Five-Minute Story

#### A Near Thing

"Oh, thank you!" cried  
Ronnie, as he opened  
the parcel his father had given  
him. There on the white  
tissue paper lay a pair of  
lovely roller skates, the first  
Ronnie had ever had.

"I'll give you a lesson as  
soon as I get back," his  
father promised as he went  
off to his morning's work.

Ronnie picked up the skates  
and looked at their shining  
wheels. He was impatient  
to be on them; it looked easy  
enough: lots of the boys at  
school could skate. Suddenly  
he had an idea; he would try  
them out in the lane that ran  
across the bottom of the road.  
He went out, stopping at the  
gate to put them on.

At first he went very  
slowly, pulling himself along  
by the fence at the side of  
the lane; it was a lovely  
feeling, and soon he became  
bolder, and in his excitement  
he forgot all about the road  
at the bottom of the lane. It  
was quite a busy one.

The lane sloped gently  
towards the road, and after a  
while Ronnie let go of the  
fence and went swinging  
along, until he suddenly  
realised that he was very  
near the road at the bottom—  
and he could not stop! His  
heart beat fast. He hoped  
there was no traffic, but at  
that very moment he heard  
the sound of a motor horn.

Ronnie waved his arms  
wildly. "Oh, help!" he  
shouted. He looked around  
for something to hold on to,  
but there was nothing. He  
tried to stop, but he couldn't.  
And then he heard someone  
behind him skating furiously.

It was Peter Roberts, one  
of the elder boys at Ronnie's  
school. Nearer and nearer he  
came, and just caught Ronnie  
in time. Putting one arm  
round Ronnie's waist, he  
twisted him round, and both  
turned the corner safely.  
The car came on, and passed  
them with a foot to spare.

"You little fathead!"  
gasped Peter. "Why did  
you do that when you couldn't  
skate properly? You gave  
me a fright; I thought you  
were going under that car."

"I'm sorry," Ronnie said  
weakly. "I only had my  
skates this morning."

"Well," answered Peter,  
"you had better take your  
skates off and leave them  
until your father comes back."

"Yes, I will," replied  
Ronnie. "And I am glad you  
were out this morning," he  
added.

Peter grinned, good-  
humoured once again now  
the danger was over.  
"Wait until you've learnt  
properly, then I'll challenge  
you to a race," he said.

## GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new  
dentifrices claiming to make their teeth  
white overnight will be interested in the  
discovery of what actually does whiten  
teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this,  
and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk  
of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth  
enamel. The new type of toothpaste,  
called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains  
75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from  
the time you begin to use this on your  
teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You  
won't have to imagine the improvement.  
Your mirror will show it plainly. Your  
friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia'  
causes a certain chemistry in the mouth,  
and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten  
under it.

But that is not the main reason the  
dental profession is urging the use of this  
dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most  
effective neutralizer of destructive mouth  
acids yet discovered. Tartar does not  
even form in the mouth that is kept  
alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental  
Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and  
the gumline safe from decay. And, as we  
have said, the teeth as white as if they had  
been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just  
claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk  
of Magnesia' that removes the stains and  
actually whitens the worst discoloured  
teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia'  
referred to by the writer of this article  
constitute the trade mark distinguish-  
ing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as  
originally prepared by The Charles H.  
Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the  
dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips'  
Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6  
the tube of all chemists and stores.

Full of  
Interest for the  
Boy of Today!

# MODERN BOY

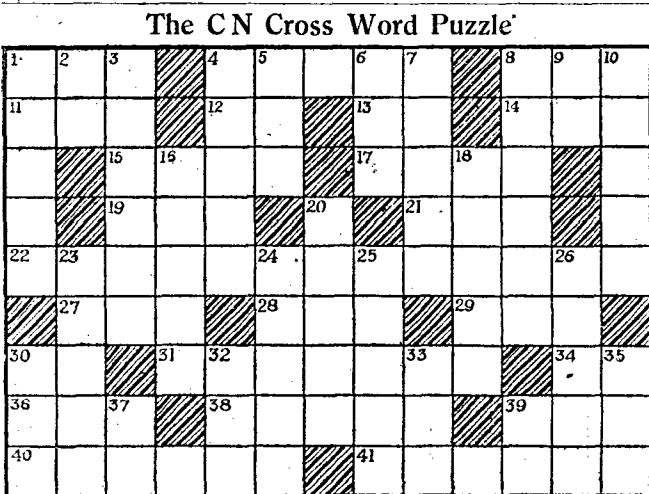
Every Saturday, of all  
Newsagents. 2d

Bertie Bassett's Diary



CARTONS 2, 3 & 6  
Also 3" Qtr. lb. loose  
Of all good Confectioners.

## BASSETT'S ORIGINAL LIQUORICE ALLSORTS



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. *Answer next week*